

THE
MAIDES
REVENGE.
A TRAGEDY.

As it hath beene Acted with good
Applause at the private house in Drury
Lane, by her Majesties Servants.

Written by JAMES SHIRLEY Gent.

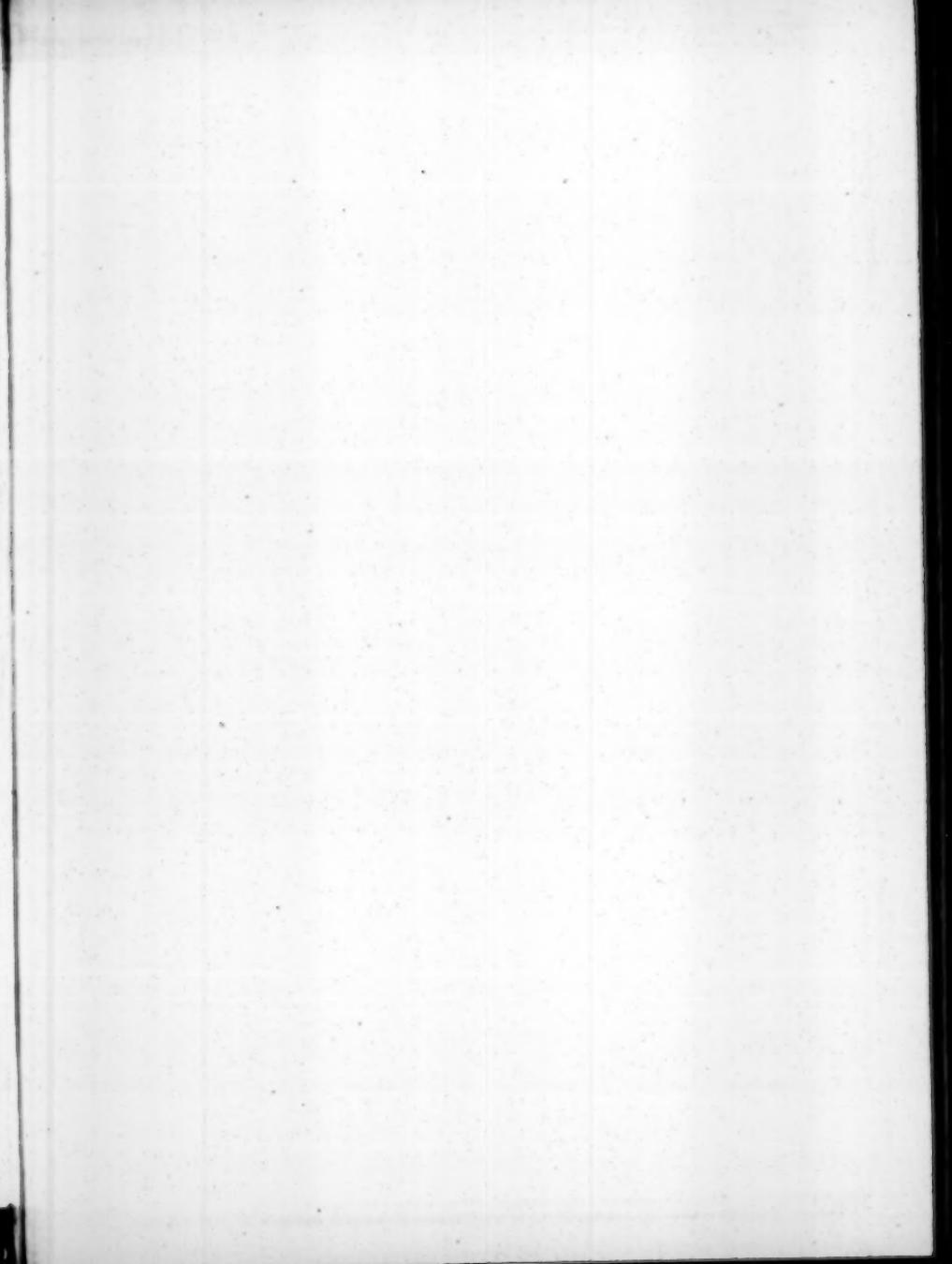


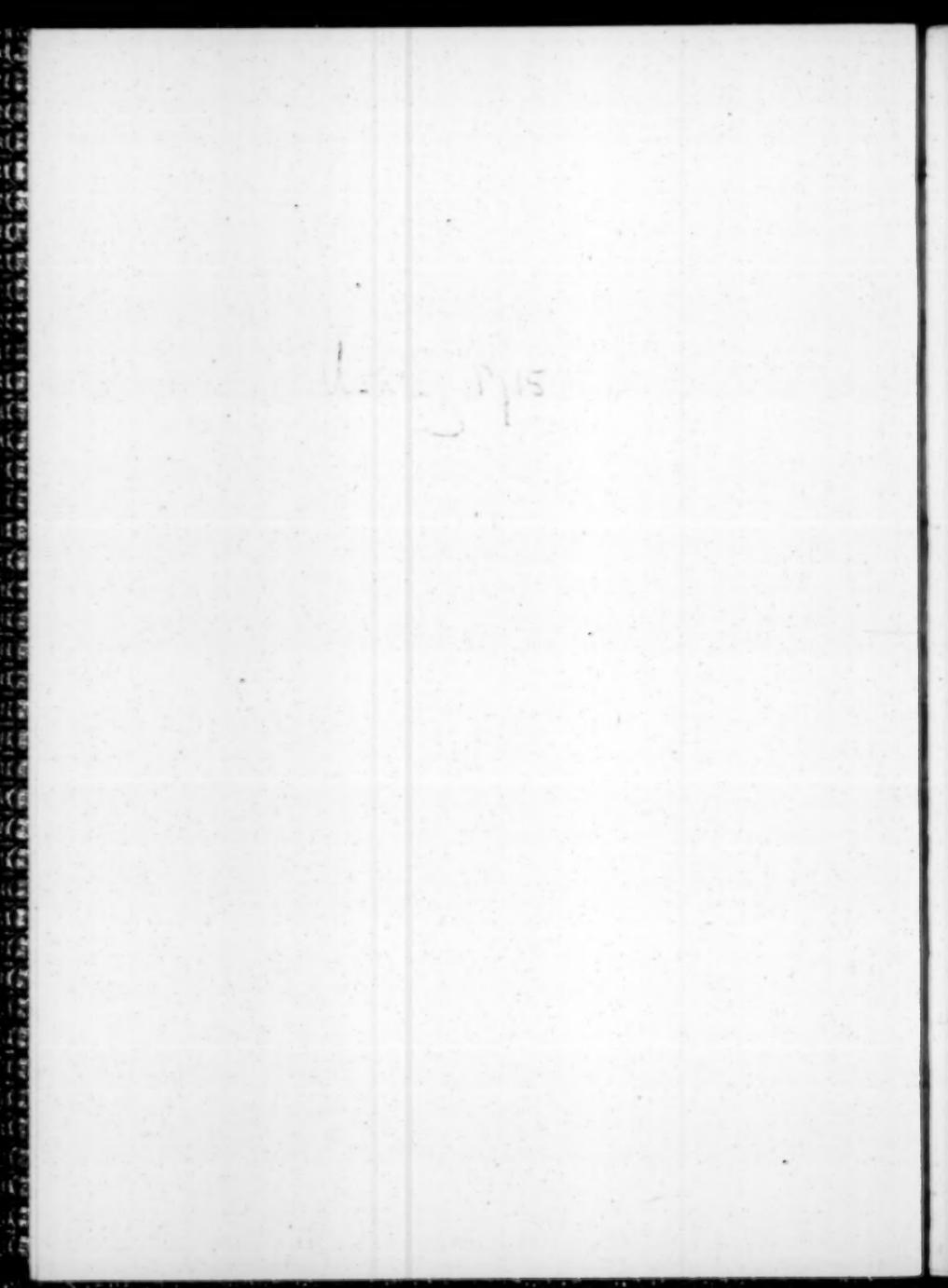
LONDON.

Printed for William Cooke, and are to be sold
at his shop at Furnivalls Inne Gate in
Holbourne. 1639.



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The Actors names.

Gasper De Vilarezo, an old Count, Father to
Sebastiano, Catalina and Berinthia.
Sebastiano, sonne to Vilarezo.

Antonio a lover of Berinthia, and friend to
Sebastiano.

Valindras a *kinsman of Antonio.*

Sforza, a blunt Souldier.

Valasco, a lover of Berinthia.

Count de monte nigro, a braguad.

Diego, Servant to Antonio.

Signior Sharkino, a shirking Doctor.

Scarabeo, a Servant to Sharkino.

Catalina { *Daughters to Vilarezo.*
Berinthia

Castabella, Sister to Antonio.

Ansilva, a Waiting Woman to the two Sister.

Nurse.

Servants.



TO
T H E W O R T H I L Y
Honoured, *Henry Osborne Esquire.*

S I R,

THIS I be able to give you a better proofe of my service, let not this oblation be despised. It is a Tragedy which received encouragement and grace on the *Englysh Stage*; and though it come late to the *Impression*, it was the second birth in this kinde, which I dedicated to the Scene, as you have Art to distinguish; you have mercy and a smile, if you finde a Poem infirme through want of age, and experience the moth er of strength. It is many yeares since I see these papers, which make haste to kisse your hand; if you doe not accuse the boldnesse and pride of them; I will owne the child, and beleive Tradition so farre, that you will receive no dishonour by the acceptance; I never affected the wayes of flattery: some say I have lost my preferment, by not practising that Court sinne; but if you dare beleive, I much honour you, nor is it upon guesse, but the taste and knowledge of your abilitie and merit; and while the Court wherein you live, is fruitfull with Testimonies of your mind, my Character is seal'd up, when I have said that your vertue hath taken up a faire lodging. Read when you have leasure, and let the Author be fortunate to be knowne.

1
Your Servant,

JAMES SHIRLEY.
A 2



A Catalogue of such things as hath
besone Published by James Shirley Gent.

Taylor.

Witty Faire one.

Bird in a Cage.

Changes, or Love in a Maze.

Gratefull Servant.

Wedding.

Hide Parke.

Young Admirall.

Lady of Pleasure.

Gamster.

Example.

Dukes Mistresse.

Ball.

Chabot Admirall of France.

Royall Master.

Schoole of Complements.

Contention for Honour and Riches.

Triumph of peace, a Masque.

Maides Revenge.



THE M AIDES REVENGE.

26. My speech marks are now sufficient.

THIS POSITION IS A NEW, BEGINNING TO A NEW LIFE.

Le résultat obtenu est le suivant : $\frac{1}{2} \ln \left(\frac{1 + \sqrt{1 + 4x^2}}{2x} \right)$

Seal a ribbon with hot melt adhesive.

3.000.000 blog in 350 landen. De bloggen zijn een goed voorbeeld van hoe de wereld nu werkt.

He noble champion I have made
To be the champion of the world.

As Lisbons worthy friend (so much esteemed)

That I must dye enchanted to your world.

Unless you want to accept what I've found

Although but partly to discharge the former

honour & love. I am not in the world to show you

Due to your honour'd love, I must let you know I

Ans. How now Schaffran will you forgive the trifling?

The name or friend, then I did hope our love
Had a passing acquaintance.

Had our growing complement, ~~which~~ has a number of advantages.

Mr. Tipper my thoughts,
My tenous and honest are returning. I will be

I have deferred no basic opinion / on any of the subjects.

I have delivered no such opinion from you, I wish not only to retrace

Our friendship but to exchange their common wrongs.

Of friend, for

Ans. What? take hand do not prophesy; do not speak

Wouldst thou be more then friend? It is a name?

Vertue can only answer to conduct

Units into one, all goodness! what we're

B **Mommy**

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8

Mortality

The Maides Revenge.

Manly, and bold of heart, in me
The steele comynge bounded to containe
This valiantnes, and to keepe me in the
Degrees, out this bringg to good, it cannot
For he's no friend is not superlative.
In all great parents, brethren, kindred, and
By the naturall flow of blood; alliances,
And what you can imagine, is to ligh,
To weigh with none of friend: they execute
At best, but what a snare prompts 'em to,
Are often lesse then friends, when they remaine
Our kinfmen still, but friend is never lost.

Seb. Nay then *Antonio* you mistake, I meane not
To leave of friend, which with another title
Would not be lost, come then Ile tell you Sir,
I would be friend and brother, thus our friendship
Shall like a diamond set in gold not losse
His sparkling, but shew fairer, I have a paire
Of sisters, which I would commend, but that
Beside somme parcell, their birth and fortunes
Deservinge to beare, if then best we
Shall after this in ingrauen, I would be prodd
To speake of them, worthye are theye, that goe and see them:
I would not beg them sutors, fame hitte spred
Through Portugal their perlous, and drawnt to *Avero*
Many affectionate gallants.

Ant. *Catalina* and *Berithis*,

Seb. The same.

Ant. Report speakes loue their beaties, and no felte
Vertue in either, well, see you arrivie
To leave no merit where you meane to honour,
I cannot otherwise escape this censure
Of one ingratefull, but by waiting on you
Home to *Avero*.

Seb. You flattery me, and make me like a
And glad my noble Father, so whence you are
No stranger, your owne worth before, hath beeene
Villainy.

suffit.

The Maides Kevengt.

Sufficient preparation. Aut. Ha d',
I have not so much choise *Sebastiano*,
But if one Sister of *Antonias*,
May have a commendation to your thoughts,
I will not spend much Art in praysing her,
Her vertue speake it selfe, I shall be happy,
And be confirmd your brother, though I miss
Acceptance at *Avera*.

Seb. Still you out doe me, I could never wish
My service better plac'd, at opportunity
To visit you at *Elsa*, at the chuse time
Lets hast to *Avera*, where with you He bring
My double welcome, and not fail to second
Any designe.

Aut. You shall teach me a lesson
Against we medde at *Elsa* Castle sir,

Enter Gaspar de Vilares, and a Servant.

Vil. What gallantries flerr are they newly call'd?

Ser. Count de *Monte Negro* my Lord, and *Don Valenzio*.

Vil. Give your obseruance then, I know their busynesse,
Catalina and *Berithia* are the starrs
Directed to him; either *Gaspar* holdes thatt give
Respect to all, but they are two such jewells,
I must dispose maturely, I should else
Returnt ingratitude upon the heavens
For leaving the such pledges, nor am I
Like other fathers carried with the fitteme
Of love toth youngest as they were in birth
They had my tendernesse, *Catalina* then
Is eldest in my care, *Berithia*

Her childs part too, both faire and vertuous;
But daughters are held losses to a family,
Somes onely to maintaine honour and itemme
Alive in their posterity, and I now thinke on't
My sonne *Sebastiano* hath bee ne now
In his returne from *Lisbon*, of that boy
Renewes my age with hope, and hath returned

The Maides revenge.

My care in education, weight for weight
With noble quality, well belov'd byth best
Oth Dons in Spaine and Portingall whose loves
Do often stretch his absence to such length
As this hath beene.

Enter *Catalina* and *Nigro*, and *Catalina*.

But heres my eldest daught're, and may be
With her amorous Count, he not be seene,

Exit.

Cata. You have beene absent long my noble Count,
Besrew me but I dreamt on you last night,

Count. Ha ha, did you so I rickle betwix her sleep I perceive
Sweete Lady I did bluelike the valiant beast,
Give a little ground, to returne with a greater
Force of love, now by my fathers sword
And gauntlet thart a pretious pice of vertue,

But prethee what didst dreame of me last night?

Cata. Nay, tis an idle dreame, not warlike repetition,

Count. Thou dreamst I warrant thet, that I was fighting
For thee up to the knees in blood, why I dare doot,

Such dreames are common with Count de Montaigne.

Nigro. my sleepes are nothing else but reheatals of a milite
Battels, and wounds, and ambuscades, O my Daphne
Was a Mountebanke of gallants, Reserches a puccia of fayre A

My dreames deserve to be in Chronicles, when I

Cata. Why, now my dreame is out. *Count.* What

Cata. I dreamt that you were fighting. *Count.* So ver' true

Cata. And that in single combat, for my sake did you kill
You slew a giant, and you no sooner had slayng then evol O
Rescued my honour, but there crept a pigmeecan you had you T
Out of the earth, and kild you.

Count. Very likely the valiantest man must dye,

Cata. What by a pigmeecan you had you

Count. I, that's another giant, I remember Hercules

Had a conflict with em, ah my Dama,

Catalina I well would I were so happy once to

Maintaine some honourable duell for thy sake, I shall

Here be well, till I have kild some body; fight, tis true

The Maides Revenge.

I have never yet flesht my selfe in blood, no body
Would quarell with me, but I finde my spirit prompt
If occasion would but winke at me, why not? wherefore has
Nature given me these brawny armes, this manly bulke,
And these Collossian supporters nothing but to fling
The sledge, or pitch the hare, and play with
Axletrees; if thou lovest me, do but command me
Some worthy service; pox a dangers I weigh 'em no
More than fleabitings, would some body did hate that
Face, now I wish it with all my heart.

Cara. Would you have any body hate me?

Count. Yes, Ide hate 'em, Ide but thrust my hand into their
Mouth downe to the bottome of their bellies, plucke
Out their lungs and shake their insides outward.

Enter Berinthia and Valasco.

Ber. Noble Sir, you neede not heape more protestations,
I do beleive you love me.

Val. Doe you beleive I love, and not accept it?

Ber. Yes I accept it too, but apprehend me
As men doe guifts, whose acceptation does not
Binde to performe what every giver craves;
Without a staine to virgin modesty
I can accept your love, but pardon me,
It is beyond my power to grant your suitē.

Val. Oh you too much subject a naturall guift,
And make your selfe beholding for your owne:
The Sunne hath not more right to his owne beames,
With which he gildes the day, nor the Sea lord
Of his owne waves..

Ber. Alasie, what ist to owne a passion.
Without power to direct it, for I move,
Not by a motion I can call my owne,
But by a higher rapture, in obedience
To a farther, and I have yet no freedome
To place affection, so you but endeere me
Without a merit.

Cara. Heres my sister.

The Maides Revenge.

Ces. And *Don Valasco*, how now, are thy arrowes feathred?

Val. Well enough for roving.

Count. Roving, I thought so.

Val. But I hope faire.

Count. Shoote home then; *Valasco* I have

Presented my mistris with a paper of verses, see she
Is reading of 'em.

Val. Didst make 'em thy selfe.

Con. My money did, what an idle question is that? as tho we
That are great men, are not furnished with stipendary
Muses, I am sure for my owne part I can buy 'em
Cheaper than I can make 'em a great deale, would
You have learning have no reward, she laughs
At 'em, I am glad of that.

Ber. They favour of a true Poeticke fury.

Count Do you smell nothing, something hath some favour.

Cata. But this line my thinks hath more feete than the rest.

Con. It shd run the better for that Lady, I did it a purpose.

Cata. But heres another lame.

Count. That was my conceit, my owne invention, lame
Halting versēs, theres the greatest Art, besides I
Thereby give you to understand, that I am valiant,
Dare cut of legs and armes at all times and make 'em
Goe halting home that are my enemies, I am
An lambographier, now it is out.

Cata. For honours sake what's that?

Count. One of the sourest versifiers that ever crept out of
Pernassus when I set on't, I can make any body hang himselfe
With pure Lambicks, I can fetch blood with *Asctapiads*
Sting, with *Phalenius* whip, with *Saphicks*
Bastinado, with hexameter and pentameter, and
Yet I have a trimeter left for thee my *Dona Catalina*.

Ber. Conclude a peace sir with your passion,
I am sory love hath beene unkind to you,
To point at me, who will she first have knite
The sacred knot of marriage, am forbid
To thinke of love.

Val.

The Maid's Revenge,

Val. But I cannot desist, to you to shew my selfe of
I am in love with every thing you say,
This your deniall as it comes from you
Bids me still love you, pardon faire *Rivinshis*,
Valasco hath not power to rule himselfe,
Be you faire, or vertuous, perhaps
I may abate my service.

Enter Villars, Sebastiano, and Antonio.

Vila. Old Gassars house is honord by such guests,
Now by the tombe of my progenitors,
I envied, that your fame shoulde visit me
So oft without your person, *Sebastiano*,
Hath beeene long happy in your noble friendship,
And cannot but improve himselfe in vertues,
That lives so neare your love.

Casa, Don Antonio de Riviers.

Seb. The fame.

Casa. With whose noble worth
You oft have fill'd discourse, thought your selfe happy
In his choyce frindship, if his body carry
So many graces, it is heaven with me,
Wher his soule is.

Vila. *Sebastiano*, thou hast largely recompened
Thy tediuous absence, you shall dishonour me,
Vnlesse you think your selfe as welcome here,
As at your *Elme-Castle, Villars*,
Was once as you are sprightly, and thought I say it
Maintained my fathers reputation,
And honour of our house with actions
Worthy our name and family, but now,
Time hath let fall cold snow upon my haires,
Ploughed on my browes the furrowes of his anger,
Disfurnisht me of active blood, and wrapt me
Halse in my teare cloth, yet I have minde
That bids me honour vertue, where I see it,
Bud forth and spring so hopefully.

Anto. You speake all noblenesse, and encourage me.

To

The Maides Recouered

To spend the greenesse of my rising y^eare,
So to thadvantage, that at last I may
Be old like you.

Vila. Daughters speake his welcome.

Cata. Sir you are most welcome.

Count. Howes that? she sayes he is most welcome, he were
Not best love her, she never made me such a reverence.

For all the kisses I have bestowed upon her since.

I first opened my affection, I do not like this
Fellow, I must be faine to use doctor *Sherkint cumming*.

Val. It were not truely noble to affront him,
My blood boyles in me, it shall coole againe,
The place is venerable by her presence,
And I may be deceiv'd.

Val. *Valerius then* Keepē distance with thy feares.

Anto. How now *Antonio*, where hast thou lost thy selfe?
Strucke dead with Ladiēs eyes? I could star-gaze
For ever thus, oh pardon love, aginst whom dw diw
I often haue prophane^d, and mockd thy fires,
Thy flames now punish me, let me collect
They are both excellent creatures, there is
A Majestie in *Catalinars* eye, and every part carries ambition
Of Queene upon it, yet *Bertraminis* flar-borts, qualifys.
Hath something more than althisa praise, though she be v^ery
Command the world, this hath more power over me,
Here I have lost my freedom, not the Queene
Of love could thus have wounded poore *Antonio*.

Ile speake to her; Lady I'm an Novice, yet in love.

Ber. It may be so.

Anto. She jests at me, yet I should be proud to be

Your servant.

Ber. I entertaine no servants that are proud.

Val. Divine *Bertramine* I am, boold avysse to em bridlethid

Anto. She checks my rudenesse, that so openly

I seeme to court her, and in presence too v^ery uncomon this land

Of some that have engagēd themselves perhaps

To her already.

Vila.

The Maides Revenge.

Vila. Come let us in, my house spreades to receive you,
Which you may call your owne, Ile leade the way.

Cara. Please you walke Sir.

Ant. It will become me thus to waite on you. *Exstat;*
manes Count, and Valasco.

Count. Does not the foole ride us both?

Val. What foole? both, whom?

Count. That foole, both us, we are but horses and may
Walke one another for ought I see before the doore, when he
Is alight and entered, I do not relish that fame
Novice, he were not best gull me, marke you Don
Valasco, what shals doe?

Val. Doe, why?

Count. This *Antonio* is a tutor to one of us.

Val. I feare him not.

Count. I do not feare him neither, I dare fight with him, and
He were ten *Antonios*, but the *Ladies Don*, the *Ladies*.

Val. *Berimbria*, to whom
I pay my love devotions, in my eare
Seem not to welcome him, your Lady did.

Count. I but for all that he had most mind to your mistres,
And I do not see but if he pursue it,
There is a possibility to scale the fort, *Ladies*
Mordes may alter, by your favour, I have lessie
Cause to feare o'th two; if he love not *Catalina*
My game is free, and I may have a course in
Her Parke the more easily.

Val. Tis true, he preferred service to *Berimbria*,
And what is she then to resist the vowes?
Antonio if he love, dare heape upon her?
He's gracious with her father, and a friend
Deere as his bosome to *Sebastiano*,
And may be indirected by that brother
To aime at her, or if he make free choyce,
Berimbria beautey will draw up his soule.

Count. And yet now I thinke on't, he was very sawcy
With my love to support her arme, which she

The Maides Revenge.

Accepted too familiarly, and she should
But love him, it were as bad for me, for tho he care
Not for her, I am sure she will never abide me after it,
By chishilts I must kill him, theres no remedy,
I cannot helpe it.

Val. Ile know my destiny.

Count. And I my fate but here he comes. *Enter Antonio.*

Ant. The strangest resolution of a father

I ever heard, I was covetous
To acquaint him with my wishes, praid his leave
I might be servant to *Berimbis*,
But thus he briefly answered, untill
His eldest daughter were dispos'd in marriage
His youngest must not love, and therefore wisht me,
Vnlesse I could place *Catalina* here,
Leave off soliciting, yet I was welcome,
But fed on nothing but *Berimbis*,
From whole faire eyes love threw a thousand flames
Into *Antonios* heart, her cheeks bewraying
As many amorous blushings, which brake out
Like a forc'd lightning from a troubled cloud,
Discovering a restraint, as if within
She were at conflict, which her colour onely
Tooke liberty to speake, but soone fell backe,
And as it were chekct by silence.

Count. Ile stay no longer, sir a word with you, are you desperat?

Ant. Desperate, why sir?

Count. I asko and you be desperate, are you weary of your
Life, and you be, say but the word, some body can tell
How to dispatch you without a physitian, at a minuts
warning.

Anto. You are the noble Count *de monte Negro*.

Count. I care not a Spanish fig what you count me, I must
Call you to account sir, in briefe the Lady

Dona Catalina is my mistris, I do not meane to be battled
While this toole has any steele in't, and I have some
Mettall in my scle too.

Ant.

The Maides Revenge.

Ant. The *Dona Catalina*? do you love her? *Enter Vista.*
She is a Lady in whom onely lives *Sebast. Cata, Ber-*
Natures and Arts perfection, borne to shame
All former beauties, and to be the wonder
Of all succeeding, which shall fade and wither
When she is but remembred.

Count. I can endure no more, *Diablo*, he is mortally in love
With *Catalina*.

Vala. Tis so, he's tane with *Catalina*'s beautie.

Count. Sir I am a servant of that Lady, therefore eat up
Your words, or you shall be sensible that I am *Count*
De monte Negro, and she's no dish for *Don Angaria*.

Ant. Sir I will do you right.

Count. Or I will right my selfe.

Cata. He did direct those pryses unto me
This doth confirme it.

Ber. He cannot so loone alter,
I shall discover a passion through my eyes.

Count. Thou shewest thy selfe a noble Gentleman, the
Count is now thy friend.

Ant. Does it become me sir, to prosecute
Wherē such a noble Count is interessēd,
Upon my soule I wish the Lady yours,
Here my suite fāls, with tender of my service;
Would you were married, nay in bed together
My honourable Count.

Cata. Your face is cloudy sir, as you suspectēd
Your presence were not welcome; had you naught
But title of a brothers friendship, it were
Enough to oblige us to you, but your worth
In *Catalina*'s eies, bids me proclaimē you
A double acceptation.

Ant. Oh you are bounteous Ladie.

Count. Sir —

Ant. Doe not feare me,
I am not worthie your opinion,
It shall be happynesse for me to kisse

The Maides Revenge.

This Ivory hand.

Com. The whilst I kisse her lip and be immoreall.

Seb. Antonio my father is a rocke,

In that he first resolved, and I account it part of my

O wne unhappinesse, I hope you hold me not suspected.

Ant. I were unworthy such a friend, his care

Becomes him nobly; has not yonder Count

Some hope of *Catalina*.

Seb. My father thinkes that fitter worthy of
More than a bare Nobility.

Ant. He backe to *Elvas* noble sir, *Elvas* noble sir,
This entertainment is so much above *Elvas* noble sir
Antonios merit, if I leave you not
I shall be out of hope to —

Vila. Nay then you mocke me sir, you must not leave me
Without discourtisie so soone, we trifles time,
This night you are my guest, my honored Count,
My Don *Valsco*.

Count. Yes my Lord, wee'lle follow.

Ant. Ha I am resolv'd, like Barge-men when they row,
He looke another way then that I goe.

Exeunt.

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Enter *Catalina* and *Ansilva*.

Cata. *A*nd so you observe with curious eye
All Gentlemen that come hither, whats your
Opinon of *Don Antonio*?

Anf. My opinion Madam, I want Art.
To judge of him.

Cata. Then without Art your judgement.

Anf. He is one of the most accompliti Gentlemen
Ansilva ere beheld, pardon Madam.

Cata. Nay, it doth not displease, 'ye are not alone,
He hath friends to second you, and who doth think
Is cause he tarries here.

Anf. Your noble father will not let him goe.

Cata.

The Maides Revenge.

Cata. And canst thou see no higher? then thou art dull.

Ans. Madam, I guesse at something more.

Cata. What?

Ans. Love?

Cata. Of whom?

Ans. I know not that.

Cata. How not that? Thoa'lst bring thy former truth
Into suspition, why tis more apparant
Then that he loves.

Ans. If judging eyes may guide him,
I know where he should chuse, but I have heard
That love is blind.

Cata. Ha?

Ans. Virtue would direct him Madam unto you, I know
Obedience, I shall repent if I offend.

Cata. Tha'rt honest, be yet more free, hide not a thought
that may concerne it.

Ans. Then Madam I thinke he loves my Lady *Berithia*;
I have observ'd his eyes rowle that way,
Even now I spied him

Close with her in the Arbour, pardon me Madam.

Cata. Th'ast done me faithfull service, be yet more vigilant,
I know thou speakest all truht, I doe suspect him. *Exit Ans.*
My sister, ha? Dare shee maintaine contention?

Is this the dutie bindes her to obey.

A fathers precepts, tis dishonour to me. *Enter Ansiba.*

Ans. Madam, heres a pretty hanosome stripling new alight,
Enquires for *Don Antonio*.

Cata. Let me see him, 'twill give me good occasion to be
My owne observer; *Enter Diego.*
Whom would you sir?

Die. I am sent in quest of *Antonio*.

Cata. He speakes like a Knight errant, he comes in quest.

Die. I have heard it a little vertue in some Spaniels to
Quest now and then Lady.

Cata. But you are none.

Die. My Mr. cannot beate me from him Madam, I am one of
The oldest appurtenances belonging to him, and yet I

The Maides Revenge.

Have little mosse in my chinne.

Cata. The more to come, a wittie knave.

Die. No more wit then will keep my head warme, I beseech you amiable Virgin help my Master *Antonio* to some intelligence that a servant of his waits to speake with him from his sister *Madona Castabella*.

Cata. It shall not neede sir, Ile give him notice my selfe,
Anfiva Entertaine time with him. *Exit.*

Anf. A promising young man.

Die. Doe you waite on this Lady?

Anf. Yes sir.

Die. Wee are both of a tribe then, though wee differ in our sexe, I beseech you taxe me not of immodestly, or want of breeding, that I did not salute you upon the fust view of your person, this kisse shall be as good as presse-money to bind me to your service.

Anf. Yare very welcome, by my virginity.

Exit.

Die. Your virginitie a good word to save an osth, for all she made me a cursie, it was not good manners to leave mee so soone 'yare very welcome by my virginity; was she afraid of breaking, it may be she is crack'd already, but here she is againe.

Enter Anfiva.

Anf. May I begge your name sir?

Die. No begger sweet, would you have it at length, then My name is *Signior Baltazarro Clere Mantado*, But for brevities sake they call me *Diego*.

Anf. Then *Signior Diego* once more you are welcome.

Die. *Batzlar manes Signiora*, and what my tongue is not able to expresse, my head shall; it seemes you have liv'd long a Virgin.

Anf. Not above seven or eight and thirty yeares.

Die. By Lady a tried Virgin, you have given the world A large testimony of your virginity.

Enter Ant, Berin, and Catal.

Ber. I should be thus a disobedient daughter A Fathers Hests are sacred.

Anf. But in love

They have no power, it is but tyranny,

The Maides Revenge.

Plain usurpation to command the minde.
Against its owne election ; I am yours,
Vow'd yours for ever, send me not away
Shipwack'd ith' harbour, say but you can love me,
And I will waite an age, not wish to move
But by commission from you, to whom
I render the possession of my selfe :
Ha? we are betrai'd, I must use cunning,
She lives in you, and take not in worse fence ;
You are more gracious, in that you are
So like your eldest sister, in whom lives
The coppy of so much perfection,
All other seeme to imitate.

Cata. Does he not praise me now?

Ant. But here she is,
Madam, not finding you ith' garden,
I met this Lady.

Cata. I came to tell you
A servant of yours attends with letters from
Your sister *Madona Cestabella.*

Ant. Diego what newes?

Die. Sir, my Lady remembers her love, these letters in-
form you the state of all things.

Cata. What serious conference had your sister with that
Gentle man,

Ber. Would you had heard them sister, they concern'd
your Commendations.

Cata. Why should he not deliver them to my selfe.

Ber. It may be then

You would have thought he flatteredd.

Cata. I like not this rebound,

Tis fairest to catch at fall.

Ber. Sister, I hope

You have no suspition, I have courted

His stay or language on my life no accent

Fell from me, your owne eare would not have heard

With acceptation.

Cata. It may be so, and yet I dare acquit you,

The Maides Revenge.

In duty to a Father, you would wish me
All due respect, I know it.

Ant. Diego. *Die. Sir.*

Ant. You observe the waiting creatures in the blacke,
Ha ke, you apprehend me. *Whisper.*

Die. With as much tenacity as a servant.

Cat. I hope sir, now we shall enjoy you longer.

Ant. The gods would fonder be sicke with *Nellar*, than
Grow weary of such faire societie; *(Antonio*
But I am at home expected, a poore sister,
My fathers care alive, and dying was
His Legency, having out-staid my time
Is tender of my absence.

Enter Vilarezo, Sebastian, Count, and Valasco.

Cat. My Lord *Antonio* meanes to take his leave.

Vila. Although last night you were inclin'd to goe,
Let us prevaile this morning.

Cat. A servant of his, he saies, brought letters
To hasten departure.

Vila. Why sirra, will you rob us of your master.

Die. Not guilty my Lord.

Count. Sir, if you needs go, we'll bring you on your way,
Ant. I humbly thank your honour, it's not be so troublesome.

Count. Would you were gone once, I doe not meant to
trouble my selfe so much I warrant thee.

Ant. I have now a charge upon me, I hope it may
Excuse me, if I halsten my returne.

Vila. Tis faire, and reasonable, well sir, my sonne
Shall write on you oth' way, if any occasion
Draw you to *Avero*, lets hope you'll see us,
You know your welcome.

Ant. My Lord the favours done me, would proclaim me
I were too much unworthy not to visit you,
Oft as I see *Avero*; Madam I part with some unhappinesse
To lose your presence, give me leave I may
Be absent your admirer, to whose memory
I write my selfe a servant,

Count. Pox on your complement, you were not best werte
In

The Maides Revenge.

In her table-bookes.

Cara. You doe not know what power you have o're me, that but to please you, Can frame my selfe to take a leave so soone.

Vala. What thinke you of that my Lord?

Count. Why, she fayes she has power to take her leave So soone, no hurt ath' world in't, I hope she is an Innocent Lady.

To Berinthe.

Ant. The shallow rivers glide away with noise, The deepe are silent, fare you well Lady.

Count. I told you he is a shallow fellow.

Vala. I know not what to thinke on't *Berinthe*.

Ant. Gentlemen happinesse and successe in your desires.

Seb. Ile see you a league or two.

Vila. By any meane, nay sir.

Ant. *Diego.*

Die. My Lord I have a suitē to you before I goo.

Vila. To me *Diego*, prethee speake it.

Die. That while other Gentlemen are happy to devidē their affections among the Ladies, I may have your honours leave to beare some good-will to this Virgin: *Cupid* hath throwne a dart at me, like a blinde buzzard as he was, and theres no recovery without a cooler; if I be sent into these parts, I desire humbly I may be bould to rub acquaintance with Mistresse *Ansilva*.

Vila. With all my heart *Diego*.

Die. Madam, I hope y^e will not be an enemy to a poore Flyē that is taken in the flame of the blind god.

Cara. You shall have my consent sir.

Vila. But what sayes *Ansilva*, hast thou a mind to a husband?

Ant. I feare I am too young (even yeares hence) were time enough for me.

Seb. Shees not full fortie yet sir.

Die. I honour the Antiquite of her maidenhead, thou Mistresse of my heart.

Ant. Come lets away *Diego* our horses.

Vila. We'll bring you to the gates, and adiuine, maye

Count. Yes, wee'll bring him out of doores, would wee

The Maides Revenge,

were shut of him.

Exemt. manet Anflosa.

Anf. Hay ho, who would have thought I shold have
benne in love with a stripling, have I feene so many maiden-
heads suffer before me, and must mine come to the blocke at
fortie yeares old, if this *Diego* have the grace to come on, I
shall have no power to keepe my selfe chaste any longer, how
many maides have benne overruonne with this love ? but
hoxes my Lady. Exit,

Enter Catalina and Valasco.

Cat. Sir, you love my sister.

Fa! With an obedient heart.

*Car. Where do you think Don Anson's half-made choice
To place his love about has all come to now?*

Val. There where I wish it may grow older in desire,
And be crown'd with fruitfull happiness.

Cat. Hath your aff.ction had no deeper roore,
That tis rear'd up already, I had thought
It would have stood a Winter, but I see
A Summer shorne hath kill'd it, fare you well sir.

Val. How's this, a hummers floume!
Lady by the honour of your birth,
Put off thee cloudes, yot maze me, take off
The wonder you have put upon Valyfee,
And solve these le riddies.

Car. You love Berichts.

With a devoted heart, else may I die
Contempt of humankind, nor my owne soule
Is deerer to me but build edit to add to this note

Cat. And yet you wish *Antonio* may be crown'd
With happiness in his love, he loves *Birimbia*.

Cat. Beyond expression, to see how a good nature
Free from dishonour in it selfe, is backward
To thinke another guilty, suffers it selfe
Be poisoned with opinion, did your eyes
Emptie their beamses so much in admiration
Of your *Berintbias* beauty, you left none
To observe your owne abuses.

◎ 俗文化語彙

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The Maids' Revenge

Val. Doth not *Auronis* dedicate his thoughts
To your acceptance? 'tis impossible,
I heard him praise you to the heavens, above 'em;
Made himselfe hoarse but to repeate your vertues
As he had beeene in extasie; love *Birimbis*?
Hell is not blacker than his loue, if he
Love any goodnesse but your selfe.

Cat. That lesson he with impudencē hathi reade
To my owne ears, but shall I tell you sir?
We are both made but properties to raise
Him to his partiall ends, flattery is
The stalkcing horte of policy, law you not,
How many flames he shot into her eyes
Whēn they were parting, for which she pay'd backē
Her subtill teares, he wrung her by the hand,
Seem'd with the greatnessse of his passion
To have beene o're borne, Oh cutting treachery!
Worthy our justice, true he commenched me;
But could you see the Fountaine that sent forth
So many cozening stremes, you would say Sir;
Were Christall to it, and wait not to the Count,
Whom he suppos'd was in pursuite of me;
Nay, whom he knew did love me, that he might
Fire him the more to consummate my marriage
That I disposed he might have of acceſſe
To his belov'd *Beribis*, the end
Of his desires I can confirme it, he praid
To be ſo happy with my fathers leave
To be her amorous fervant, which he nobly
Denied, partly expressing your engagements;
If you have leaſt ſuſpition of this truth:
But dee' thinke ſhe love yot?

Val. I cannot challenge her, but she has let fall
Something to make me hope, how thinke you that's
Affected to *Antonio*?

Cat. May be Luke warm as yet, but soone as as shees caught, Inevitably his, without preception.

2 he Maides Revenge.

For my owne part I hate him in whom lives
A will to wrong a Gentleman, for hee was
Acquainted with your love, 'twas my respect
To tender so your injury, I could not
Be silent in it. what you meane to doe
I leave to your owne thoughts.

Val. Oh stay sweete Lady, leave me not to struggle
Alone with this univerſall affliction ;
You speake even now *Berimbis* would be his
Without prevention, ob that Antidote,
That Balsome to my wound.

Cat. Alas I pity you, and the more, becauſe
I ſee your troublies ſo amaze your judgement,
Ile tell you my opinion ſir oth' ſudden ;
For him, he is not worth *Valasco's* angers
Onely thus, you ſhall diſcover to my Father,
She promis'd you her love, be confideſe
To ſay you did exchange faith to her ; this alone
May chance aſfore her, and if not I hav't :
Steale her away, your love I ſee is honourable,
So much I ſuffer when deſert is wounded,
You ſhall have my affiſſance, you apprehend me.

Val. I am devoted yours, command me ever.

Cat. Keepe ſmooth your face, and ſtill maintaine your wor-
With *Berimbis*, things muſt be manag'd (ſhip
And ſtrucke in the maturity, noble ſir ; I wish
You onely fortunate in *Berimbis* love.

Val. Words are too poore to thanke you, I looke on you
As my ſafe guiding ſtarre. Exit.

Cat. But I ſhall prove a wandering ſtarre, I have
A course which I muſt diſh for my ſelſe.
Glide on thou ſubtill mover, thou haſt brought
This instrument already for thy ſynges,
Sister, Ile breake a Serpents egge betimes,
And teare *Antonia* from thy very boſome ;
Love is above all law of nature, blood,
Not what men call, but what that bides is good. Exit.

Enter *Castabella* and *Villandras*.

The Maides Revenge.

Vil. Be not so carefull Cooze, your brothers well.
Be confident if he were otherwise
You should have notice, whom bath he to sharē
Fortunes without you ? all his ills are made
Lesle by your bearing part, his good is doubled
By your communichaing.

Cast. By this reason
All is not well, in that my ignorance
What fate hath hapned, barres me off the portion
Belongs to me sister, but my care
Is so much greater, in that *Diego* whom
I charg'd to put on wings, if all were well,
Is dull in his returne. *Enter Antonio and Diego.*

Vil. His Master happily hath commanded him
To attend him homewards, this is recompenc'd
Already, looke they are come ;
Y're welcome sir.

Ant. Oh sister, ere you let fall words of welcome,
Let me unlade a treasure in your eare
Able to weigh downe man.

Cast. What treasure brother, you amazē me.

Ant. Never was man so bleſt,
As heavens h̄d studiē to enrich me herē,
So am I fortunate.

Vil. You make me covetous.

Ant. I have a friend.

Vil. You have a thousand sir, is this your treasure ?

Ant. But I have one more worth then millions,
And he doth onely keepe alive that name
Of friendship in his breast, pardon *Villanbras*,
Tis not to straine your love, whom I have tried,
My worthiest cozen.

Cast. But where is this same friend, why came he not
To *Elyas* with you, sure he cannot be
Deare to you Brother, to whom I am not indebted
At least for you.

Die. I havē many deare friends too, my Taylor is one
To whom I am indebted

The Maides Revenge.

Ant. His Commission

Stretch'd not so farre, a Fathers tie was on him,
But I have his noble promise, er't be long,
We shall enjoy him.

Cast. Brother I hope

You know how willingly I can entertaine
Your blisse, and make it mine, pray speake the man
To whom we owe so much.

Ant. Twere not charity to starve you thus with shaddowes,
Take him, and with him in thy bolome locke
The Mirrour of fidelity, *Don Sebastians.*

Cast. I oft have heard you name him full of worth,
And upon that relation have laid up,
One deare to my remembrance.

Ant. But he must be dearer *Castabella*, harke you sister,
I have beene bold upon thy vertue, to
Invite him to you, if your heart be free:
Let it be empty ever, if he doe not
Fill it with noblest love, to make relation,
What zeale he gave of a worthy nature,
At our last parting (when betwixt a sonne,
And friend he so divided his affections
And out did both) you would admire him: were
I able I would build a temple where
We tooke our leave,
The ground it selfe was hallowed
So much with his owne piety, *Diego* saw it.

Die. Yes sir, I saw, and heard, and wondred.

Ant. Come I will tell you all, to your chamber sister,
Diego our plot must on, all time is lost
Vntill we try the mooving.

Die. If the plot please you sir, let me alone to play my part
I warrant you.

Ant. Come *Castabella*, and prepare to heare
A story not of length but worth your care.

Enter *Vslarezo*, *Valasco*, and *Catalma*.

Vsl. You have not dealt so honorably sir,
As did become you, to proceede so fasse

Exeunt

Without

The Maides Revenge.

Without my knowledge, give me leave to tell you
You are not welcome.

Val. My Lord I am sorry,
If I have any way transgreſt, I was not
Respectlesſie of your honour, nor my fame,
Valasco ſhall be unhappy, if by him:
Yott ſhall derive a ſtaine, my actions faire,
I have done nothing with *Berithia*,
To merit ſuch a language, twas not ripe,
For me to interrupt the farther, when I knew not
What grace I held with her.

Vil. Hell on her grace, is this her duty? ha,
I can forget my nature if ſhe dare,
Make ſo loone forfei of her piety;
Oh where is that ſame awfull dread of Parent,
Should live in children; tis her ambition
To out runne her ſister, but Ile carbe her impudencie,

Cara. Retire your ſelte, this paſſion muſt have way,
It is workes as I would have it, feare nothing ſir,
Obſcure.

Exit Val.

Vil. He cloyſter her, and ſtayne this ſpirit,
Makes her deceiue my truſt; *Catalina*
Upon thy duty I command thee, take
Her caſtody on thee, keepe her from the eye,
Of all that come to *Averra*, let her diſcouſe
With piſtures on the wall, I feare ſhe hath
Forgot to ſay her prayers, is ſhe growne ſenſuall?

Cara. But my Lord.

Vil. Oh keepe thy accents for a better cauſe,
She hath contemnd us both, thou cauſt not ſee
What blemiſh ſhe derives unto our name.
Yet theſe are ſparkes, he hath a fire within,
Will turne all into flames, wheres *Valasco*?

Cara. Good ſir, a much affliſted worthy Gentleman,
At your diſpleaſure.

Vil. Thou art too full of pitie, nay th'art euſtall
To thy owne fame, he muſt not have acceſſe
To proſecute, it was my doing ſinne.

Of

The Maides Revenge.

Of too much confidence in Berinthia,
Gave her such libertie, on my blessing punish it,
Twill be a vertuous act, the know I thought
Was not more innocent, more cold, more chaste,
Why my command bound her in ribs of ice,
But shees dissolv'd, to thee Ile leave her now,
Be the maintainer of thy Fathers vow.

Exit

Val. Why I am undone now.

Cara. Nothing lesse, this conflict
Prepares your peace, I am her guardian,
Love smiles upon you, I am not inconstant,
Having more power to assist you, but away,
We must not be discr'd, expect ere long
To heere what you desire.

Val. My blisse I remember.

Cara. Berinthia, y'are my prisoner, at my leisure
Ile studie on your fate, I cannot be
Friend to my selfe, when I am kind to thee.

Exit

Exit

Actus. 3. Scena 1.

Enter Sebastiano, Berinthia, Ansilva, Diego meetes them.

Seb. **V** Elcome honest Diego, your Master Antonio is in
health I hope.

Die. He comandement me, remember his service to you, I
have obtaind his leave for a small absence to perfect a suite I
lately commenc'd in this Court.

Seb. You follow it close me thinks Berinthia, I see this cloud
Vanish already, be not deject: d, soone
Ile know the depth out, should the world forlacke thee,
Thou shalt not want a brother deere Berinthia.

Exit

Secretly gives her a Letter.

Die. This is my Lady Berinthia, prethee let me shew
Some mannets, Madam my Master Antonio speakes his
Service to you in this paper: alas Madam, I was but
Halfe at home, and I am return'd to see if I can recover

The

The Maides Revenge.

The other peice of my selfe, so, was it not a reasonable
Complement.

Ber. Antonio, he's constant I perceive.

Exit

Die. So, we are alone, sweet Mistresse *Ansilva*, I am bold
To renew my suite, which least it should either
Fall or depend too long, having past my declaration,
I shall desire to come to a judgement.
My cause craves nothing but justice,
That is, that you would be mine; and now since
Your selfe is judge also, I beseech you be not partiall
In your owne cause, but give sentence for the plaintiff, and
I will discharge the fees of the Court on this fashion.

Enter Berinthia.

Ber. Here is a haven yet to rest my soule on,
In midst of all unhappinesse, which I looke on,
With the same comfort a distressed Sea man
A farre off, viewes the coast he would enjoy,
When yet the Seas doe tosse his reeling barkē,
Twixt hope and danger, thou shalt be conceald.

She mistaking as she moved, put up the Letter, it falleth downe.

Anf. Heres my Lady *Berinthia*.

Die. What care I for my Lady *Berinthia*, and she thinkes
Much, would she had one to stoppe her mouth.

Anf. But I must observe her, upon her fathers displeasure,
She is committed to my Ladies custody, who hath made
Me her keeper, she must be lockt up.

Die. Ha, lockt up.

Anf. Madam, it is now time you would retire to your owne
Chamber.

Ber. Yes, prethee doe *Ansilva* in this gallery,
I breathe but too much aire, oh *Diego* youle have
An answer I perceive, ere you retorne.

Die. My journey were to no purpose else Madam, I appre-
hend her, ile waite an opportunity, alas poore Lady, is my
sweete heart become a jaylor, there's hope of an office with-
out money. *Enter Ansilva hastily.*

Anf. *Diego* I spy my Lady *Catalina* comming this way, pray
shrowd your selfe behinde this cloth, I would be loath shew

The Maides Revenge.

should see us here together, quickly, I heare her treadings.

Enter Catalina.

Cat. Ansilia. *Ans.* Madam.

Cat. Who's with you? *Ans.* No body Madam.

Cat. Was not *Diego* with you, *Antonioes* man?

Ans. He went from me Madam halfe an houre agoe,
To visit friends i'th' City.

Cat. He hath not seene *Berinthia* I hope.

Ans. Unless he can pierce stone walls Madam, I am sure.

Cat. Direct *Don Valasco* hither by the backe staires,
I expect him.

Ans. I shall Madam.

Cat. Ha, whats this? a Letter to *Berinthia*, from whom
Subscrib'd? *Antonio*, what devill brought this hitter?
Furies torment me not, he, while I am *Antonio*, expect
Not I can be other then thy servant, all my thoughts
Are made sacred with thy remembrance, whose hope
Sustaines my life, oh I drink poysion from these fatall accents,
Be thy foule blacker then the inke that stains
The cursed paper, would each droppe had faine
From both your hearts, and every Character
Beene tex'd with blood, I would haue tir'd mine eyes
To have read you both dead here upon my litle
Diego hath beene the cunning Mercury
In this conveyance, I suspect his love
Is but a property to advance this suite.

But I will croise um all; *Enter Valasco.*

Don Valasco, you are seasonably arriv'd,
I haue a Letter for you.

Val. For me?

Cat. It does concerne you.

Val. Ha.

Cat. How doe you like it sir?

Val. As I shoulde a Punyard sticking here, how came
You by it?

Cat. I found it here by accident o'th' ground,
I am sure it did not grow there, I suppose
Diego, the servant of *Antonio*,
Who colourably pretends affection

The Maides Revenge.

To *Ansilva*, brought it, hees the agent for him,
Now the designe appears, day is not more conspicuous
Then this cunnling.

Val. I am resolv'd,

Cat. For what?

Val. Antonio or I must change our ayre,
This is beyond my patience, sleepe in this
And never wake to honour, oh my fates,
He takes the freehold of my soule away,
Berinthia, and it, are but one creature,
I have beene a tame foole all this while,
Swallowed my poyson in a fruitelesse hope,
But my revenge, as heavy as *Loves* wrath,
Wrapt in a thunderbolt is falling on him,

Cat. Now you appeare all noblenesse, but collect
Draw up your passions to a narrow point
Of vengeance, like a burning glasse that fires
Surest ith smal'est beame, he that wculd kill,
Spends not his idle fury to make wounds,
Farre from the heart of him he fights withall,
Looke where you most can danger, let his head
Bleed out his braines, or eyes, aime at that part
Is dearest to him, this once put to hazzard,
The rest will bleed to death.

Val. Apply this Madam.

Cat. The time invites to action, ile be briefe,
Strike him through *Berinthia*. *Val.* Ha.

Cat. Mistake me not, I am her sister,
Shee is his heart, make her your owne, you have
A double victory, thus you may kill him
With most revenge, and give your owne desires,
A most confirm'd possession, fighting with him,
Can be no conquest to you, if you meane
To strike him dead, pursue *Berinthia*,
And kill him with the wounds he made at you,
It will appeare but justice, all this is
Within your fathom sir.

Val. Tis some divinity hangs on your tongue.

Cat. If you consent *Berinthia* shall not see,

The Maides Revenge.

More funnes till you enjoy her.

Val. How deere Madam.

Cat. Thus, you shall steale her away.

Val. Oh when? *Cat.* Provide

Such trusty friends, but let it not be knowne
Vpon your honour, I affit you in't.

And after midnight when soft sleepe hath charm'd
All fences, enter the Garden gate.

Which shall be open for you, to know her chamber
A candle shall direct you in the Window,

Ansilus shall attend too, and provide
To give you entrance thence take *Berinthia*,

And soone convey her to what place you thinkē
Secure and most convenient, in small time

You may procure your owne corditions;
But sir you must engage your selfe to use her

With honourable respects, she is my sister,
Did not I thinkē you noble, for the world

I would not iunne that hazzard.

Val. Let heaven forsake me then, was ever mortall
So bound to wōmans care, my mothers was
Halfe paid her at my birth, but you have made me
An everlasting debtor.

Cat. Select your friends, bethinke you of a place
You may transpōse her.

Val. I am all wings.

Cat. So, when gentle physickē will not serve, we must
Apply more active, but there is
Yet a receipt behind; *Val* afeare shallow,
And will be planet strucke, to see *Berinthia*
Dye in his armes: tis so, yet he himselfe
Shall carry the suspition, if art,
Or hell can furnish me with such a poyson,
Sleepe thy last sister, whilst thou livest I have,
No quiet in my selfe, my rest thy grave.

Exit

Exit

Diego comes from behinde the hangings,

Die. Goe thy wayes, and the devill wants a breeder thou

Art

The Maides Revenge.

Art for him, one spirit and her selfe are able to furnish
Hell and it were unprovided; but I am glad I heard all,
I shall love hangings the better while I live:
I perceive some good may be done behind em,
But ile acquaint my Lady *Berinthis*,
Heres her chamber I obseru'd: Madam, Madam
Berinthis. *Berinthis above.*

Ber. Whose there?

Die. Tis I *Diego*, I am *Diego*.

Ber. Honest *Diego*, what good newes,

Die. Yare undone, undone lost, undone for ever; it is time
now to be serious.

Ber. Ha,

Die. Wheres my Master *Antonioes* Letter.

Ber. Here, where, ha, alas, I feare I have lost it.

Die. Alas you have undone your selfe, and your sister, my
Lady *Catalina* hath found it, and is mad with rage, and envy
against you; I overheard your destruction, she hath shewed
it to *Don Valasco*, and hath plotted that he shall steale you a-
way this night, the doores shall be left open the houre after
twelve.

Ber. You amaze me, tis impossible.

Die. Doe not cast away your selfe, by incredulity, upon my
life your fate is cast, nay more, worse then that.

Ber. Worse?

Die. You must be poysoned too, oh shes a cunning devill,
and she will carry it so, that *Valasco* shall bee suspected for
your deat, what will you doe?

Ber. I am overcome with amazement?

Die. Madam remember with what noble love my Master
Antonio does honour you, and now both save your selfe, and
make him happy, how.

Ber. I am lost man.

Die. Feare not, I will engage my life for your safety,
Seeme not to have knowledge or suspition, be carefull
What you receive, least you be poyson'd, leave the
Rest to me, I have a crotchet in my pate shal spoyle
Their musicke, and prevent all danger I warrant you,

The Maides Revenge.

By any meanea be smooth, and pleasant, the devils
A knave, your sisters a Traytor, my Master is your noble
Friend, I am your honest servant, and *Valaſto* shall
Shake his eares like an animall.

Ber. It is not to be hoped for,

Die. Then cut of my eares, slit my nose, and make a devill
of me, shall I about it say, tis done.

Ber. Any thing thou art honest, heaven be neare,
Still to my innocence, I am full of feare.

Die. Spurte cut and away then.

Exeunt

Enter Signior Sharkin in his stud, furnished with glasseſ, viols, pictures of wax characters, wands, conjuring babit, Powders paintings, and Scarabeo.

Sh. Scarabeo. *Sca.* Sir.

Sh. Is the doore tongue tide, scrue your ſelfe halfe out at
one of the crevices, and give me notice what patient appro-
ches me.

Sca. I can runne through the key hole ſir.

Sh. This *fucus* beares
A lively tincture, oh the cheeke muſt bluſh
That weares it, their deceiv'd that ſay
Art is the ape of nature. *Sca.* Sir.

Sh. Who iſt?

Sca. My Ladies apron ſtrings, Miftris *Anſilva* her chamber-
maide. *Sh.* Admit her.

Enter Anſilva.

Anſ. How now raw head and bloody bones, wheres the
Doctor *Sharkin*? oh here he is.

Sh. How does your vertuous Ladie.

Anſ. In good health ſir.
Wheres the *Fucus*, and the Powder.

Sh. All is prepared here.

Anſ. To ſee what you can doe, many make logges, and you
make faces ſir.

Sh. Variety of faces is now in fashion, and all little enough
for ſome to ſet a good face on't, oh Ladies may now and then
commit a ſlip, and have ſome colour for't, but these are by
the out ſides of our art, the things we can prescribe to be ta-
ken

The Maides Revenge.

ken inwardly, are pretty curiosities, we can prolong life.

Anf. And kill too can you not?

Sb. Oh any that will goe to the price.

Anf. You have poysons I warrant you, how doe they looke, pray lets see one.

Sb. Oh naturall and artificiall. *Nefas* blood was milke
To em, an extraction of Todes and Vipers, looke
Heres a parcell of *Clandius Cesars* posset,
Given him by his wife *Agrippina*, here is some of
Hannibals medicine he carried alwaies in the
Bummele of his tward, for a dead lift, a very active
Poyson, which passing the *Orifice*, kindles
Straite a fire, inflames the blood, and makes the marrow
Fy, have you occasion to apply one.

Anf. Introth we are troubled with a rat in my Ladies
Chamber.

Sb. A Rat, give him his bane, would you destroy a City, I
have *probatum* of *Italian* Sallets, and our owne Country figs
shall doe it rarely, a Rat, I have scarce a poyson so base, the
worst is able to kill a man, I have all sorts, from a minute to
seven yeares in operation, and leave no markes behinde em, a
Rats a Rat.

Anf. Pray let me see a remover at twelvē houres, and I would
be loath to kill the poore thing presently.

Sb. Here, you may cast it away upon't, but tis a disparage-
ment to the poyson.

Anf. This will content you.

Sb. Because it is for a Rat you shall pay no more, my ser-
vice to my Ladie, my poysons howsoever I give them, variety
of operations are all but one. *Knockes within.*
Honest Rats bane in severall shapes, their vertue is common,
and will not be long in killing; you were best looke it be a
Rat, *Scorabes*.

Sca. Sir heres a Gallant enquires for Doctor *Sharkino*.

Sb. Vsher him in, it is some Don.

Enter Count de Monte Negro.

Count. Is your name *Signior Sharkino* the famous Doctor.

Sb. They

The Maides Revenge.

Sb. They call me *Sharkins*,

Count. Doe you not know me?

Sb. Your gracious pardon.

Count. I am *Count de Monte Negro*.

Sb. Your honours sublimity doth illustrate this habitation;
Is there any thing wherein *Sharkins* may expresse
His humble service? if ought within the circumference
Of a Medicinall or Mathematicall science,
May have acceptance with your selfitude,
It shall devolve it selfe.

Count. Devolve it selfe, that word is not in my Table booke,
what are all these trinkets?

Sb. Take heede I beseech your honour, they are dangerous,
this is the devils girdle.

Count. A pox oth devill, wh't have I doe with him,

Sb. It is a dreadfull circle of conjuration, fortified
With sacred characters against the power
Of infernall spirits, within whole round I can tread
Safely, when hell burnes round about me.

Count. Not unlikely.

Sb. Will you see the devill sir?

Count. Ha, the devill? not at this time, I am in some haft,
Any thing but the devill I durst fight with all, harke
You Doctor, letting these things passe, hearing
Of your skill, I am come in my owne person, for
A fragment of your art, harke you, have you any
Receipts to procure love sir?

Sb. All the degrees of it, this is ordinary.

Count. Nay I would not have it too strong, the Lady I intend
it for, is pretty well taken already, an easing working
thing does it.

Sb. Heres a powder whose ingredients were fetch'd
From *Arabia the happy*, a sublimation of the *Phoenix*
Ashes, when she last burned her selfe, it beares the
Colour of *sinamon*, two or three scuplles put into
A cup of wine, fetches up her heart, she can scarce
Keape it in, for running out of her mouth to you
My noble Lord.

Count.

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Count. That, let me have that, Doctor I know tis deare,
Will that gold buy it?

Sb. Your honour is bountifull, there needs no circumstance,
Minister it by whom you please, your intention binds it to
operation.

Count. So, so *Catalina*, I will put your mornings draughte
In my pocket — *Knocke at the doore*
Doctor, I would not be scene.

Sb. Please you my Lord obscure your selfe behinde these
hangings then, till they be gone, Ile dispatch 'em the sooner ;
or if your honour thinke fit, tis but clouding your person with
a simple cloake of mine, and you may at pleasure passe with-
out discovery, my Anatomy shall waite on you.

Enter three Servingmen.

1 Prethee come backe yet.

2 Oh by any meanes goe *Haynes*.

1 Dost thou thinke it possible that any man can tell where
thy things are, but he that stole 'em, hee's but a jugling im-
postor, a my conscience, come backe againte.

2 Nay now wee are at furthest, be not rul'd by him, I
know he is a cunning man, he told me my fortune once when
I was to goe a journey by water, that if I scapt drowning, I
should doe well enough, and I have liv'd ever since.

3 Well I will try, I am resolv'd ; stay, here hee is *Pedro*,
you are acquainted with him, breake the ice, he is alone.

3 Bleffe you Mr. Doctor; sir presuming on your Art, here
is a fellow of mine, indeede the Butler, for want of a better;
has lost a dozen of Dyaper spoones, and halfe a dozen of sil-
ver Napkins yesterday, they were scene by all three of us in
the morning betweene sixe and seven set up, and what spirit
of the Buttery hath stollen 'em before eight, is invisible to our
understanding.

3 He hath deliveredē you the case right, I beseech you sir
doe what you can for a servant, that is like to be in a lamenta-
ble case else, heres a gratuity.

1 Now we shall see what the devill can do, hey, heres one
of his spirits I thinkē.

Sb. Betweene 7 and 8. the houre; the 1 *Esme*, the 2 *Sa-*

The Maides Revenge,

turne, the 3 Jupiter, the 4 Mars, the 5 Sol, the 6 Venus, the 7 Mercury, ha then it was stolne, Mercury is a thiefe, your goods are stolne.

3. Was Mercury the thiefe, pray where dwells he?

Sb. Mercury is above the Moone man.

3. Alas sir tis a great way thither.

1. Did not I tell you you would be gull'd.

Sb. Well y'are a servant, Ile doe something for you; What will you say, if I shew you the man that stolne your Spooenes and Napkins presently, will that satisfie you.

3. Ile desire no more, oh good Mr. Doctor.

1. If he does that, ile beleve he has cunning.

Sb. Goe to, heares a glasse.

3. Loe you there now.

Sb. Stand your backes North, and stirre not till I bid you; What see you there?

3. Heres nothing.

Sb. Looke agen, and marke, stand yet more North.

3. Now I see somebody. 1. And I.

The Count comes from behind the Hangings and muffled in a cloake fleales of the Stage.

Sb. Marke this fellow muffled in the cloake, he hath stolne your spooenes and Napkins, does he nor skulke.

1. Foote ris strange, he lookes like a theefe, this Doctor J see is cunning.

3. Oh rogue how shall's come by him, oh for an Officer,

Sb. Yet stirre not,

3. Oh hees gone, where is he?

Sb. Be not too rash, my Art tells me there is danger in't, you must be blinfold all, if you obserue me not, all is to no purpose, you must not see till you be forth a doores, shut your eyes, and leade one another, when you are abroad open them, and you shall see agen.

3. The theefe?

Sb. The same, then use your pleasures, so, be sure you see not, conduct them *Scarabes*. *Enter a Maid with an Urinal.*

Maid. Oh Mr. Doctor I have got this opportunity to come

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to you, but I cannot stay, heres my water, pray sweet Mr. Doctor, tell me, I am in great feare that I have lost ...

Sb. What?

Ma. My maidenhead sir, you can tell by my water.

Sb. Dost not thou know?

Ma. Oh I doe somewhat doubt my selfe, for this morning when I rose, I found a paire of breeches on my bed, and I have had a great inspition ever since, it is an evill signe they say, and one does not know what may be in those breeches sometimes; sweete Mr. Doctor, am I a maid still or no, I would be sorry to loose my maidenhead ere I were aware, I feare I shall never be honest after it.

Sb. Let me see *Yrina meretrix*; the colour is a strumper, but the contents deceiue not, your maidenhead is gone,

Ma. And is there no hope to finde it againe?

Sb. You are not every body, by my Art, as in other things that have beeene stolne, he that hath stolne your maidenhead shall bring it againe.

Ma. Thanke you sweet Mr. Doctor, I am in your debt for this good newes; oh sweet newes sweet Mr. Doctor. *Exit.*

Enter Count breathing before him the three *Servingmen*,
they runne in.

1. Cry your honour mercy, good my Lord,

Count. Out you slaves, oh my toes.

Sb. What ayles your Lordship?

Count. Doctor, I am out of breath, where be these wormes crept, I was never so abused since I was swadled: harke you, those 3. Rogues that were here even now, began to lay hold of me, and told me I must give them their Spoones and Napkins; they made a theefe of mee, but I thinke I have made their flesh jelly with kickes and bastinadoes; oh I have no mercy when I set on't, I have made em all poore *Johns*, impudent varlets; talke to me of Spoones and Napkins.

Sb. Alas one of them was mad, and brought to me to cure him.

Count. Nay they were all mad, but I thinke I have madded em; I feare I have kickt two or three out of their lives; alas

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poore wr̄tches I am sorry for it now, but I have such an humor of beating & kicking when my foote is in once batke you Doctor, is it not within the compasse of your physickē to take downe a mans courage a thought lower; the truth is, I am apt of my selfe to quarrell upon the least affront ith' world, I cannot be kept in, chaines will not hold me : tother day for a leſſe matter than this, I kickt halfe a dozen of high Germans, from one end of the streete to the other, for but offering to shrinke betwee: me and the wall ; not aday goes o're my head but I hurt ſome body mortally ; poxe a theſe roguers, I am ſorry at my heart I have hurt e'm ſo, but I cannot forbearē.

Sb. This is ſtrange.

Count. How? I can ſcarcē forbearē ſtriking you now, for laying it is ſtrange ; you would not thinkē it : oh the wounds I have given for a very looke ; well harkē you, if it be not too late, I would be taken downe, but I feare tis imposſible, and then every one goes in danger of his life by me.

Sb. Take downe your ſpirit, looke you, dee ſee this inch and a halfe, how tall a man doe you thinkē he was ? He was twelve cu: its high, and three yards compasse at the waſte when I tooke him in hand firſt, ile draw him through a ring ere I have done with him : I keepe him now to breakē my poysons, to eate Spiders and Toades, which is the onely diſh his heart wilhes for ; a Capon deſtroyes him, and the very ſight of beefe or mutton makes him ſickē ; looke, you ſhall ſee him eate his ſupper, come on your wayes, what lay you to this Spider ? looke how he leapeſ.

Sca. Oh dainty.

Sb. Here, ſaw you that ? how many legges now for the hanch of a Toade.

Sca. Twenty, and thankē you ſir, oh ſweete Toade, oh admirable Toade.

Count. This is very ſtrange, I nere ſaw the like, I never knew Spiders and Toades were ſuch good meates before ; will he not buſt now ?

Sb. It ſhall nere ſwell him, by to morrow heē ſhall be an inch

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inch abated, and I can with an other experiment plumpē him and highten him at my pleasure; the warrant ile sake you downe my Lord.

Count. Nay but dee here, doe I looke like a Spider-catcher, or Toade-eater.

Sb. Farre be it from *Sharkiss*, I have gentle pellets for your Lordship; shall melt in your mouth, and take of your valour insensibly; Lozenges that shall comfort your stomacke; and but at a wēcke restraine your fury two or three thoughts; does your honour thinke I would forget my selfe. I shew you by this Rat what I can doe by Art: your Lordship shall have an easie composition, no hurt i[n]t[er] world in's; here take but halfe a dozen of these going to bed; &c in morning it shall worke gently, and in the v[er]eue appear every day afterward.

Count. But if I find my selfe breaking out into fury, I may take e'm often; heres for your pellets of Lozenges, what rare physicke is this? Ile put it in practise presently, fare-well Doctor.

Sb. Happinesse wait on your egregious Lordship, my physique shall make your body soluble, but for working on your spirit, beleive it when you finde it, with any lies we must set forth our simples and compositions to utter them: so this is a good dayes worke; leane chaps lay up, and because you have perform'd handsomly, there is some silver for you, lay up my properties: Tis night already, thus we knaves will thrive, when honest plainnesse know not how to live.

Exeunt.

Enter *Catalina* and *Anfelia*.

Cat. Art sure she has tane it?

Anf. As sure as I am alive? she never eat with Such an appetite, for I found none left, I would Be loath to have it so sure in my belly, it will worke Raretly twelve houres hence.

Cat. Thus we worke surē then, time runnes upon Th'appointed houre, *Palasco* should rid me of all my

The Maides Revenge.

Fear'st at once, upon thy life be carefull to direct
Him at his first approach, I am sicke till this
Be delivered; be secret as the night, ile to my
Chamber, be very carefull.

Enter Antonio, Villandras, Diego, vizarded and arm'd.

Ant. Art sure thou hast the time right.

Die. Doubt not, yonder's her chamber, the light
speakes it, softly.

Ans. Whoe there? *Valasco?* *Ant.* I.

Ans. That way, make no nois, things are prepared, softly
So, so, this is good I hope and weight too, my Lady
Beristhia will be fure enough agone, I shall here no
Get more higher, I had much adoe to perswade her
To the spise, but I swore it was a cordiall my Lady
Vs'd her selfe, and poore foole she has swallowed it
Sure. *Enter Ant. with Beristhia, Vill. Diego.*

Ant. Madam feare not I am your friend.

Die. Who are you?

Val. Stop her mouth, away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ansilia.

Ans. So, so, they are gone, alas poore *Valasco* I pity thee,
But we creatures of politiske Ladies must hold the
Same byas with our Mistresses, and tis some policy
To make them respect us the better, for feare our
Teeth be not strong enough to keepe in our tongues:
Now must I study out some tale by morning to salute
My old Lord withall.

Enter Valasco, a friend or two armed.

Val. Ansilia? *Ans.* Some body calls me, who is it?

Val. It is I *Valasco*.

Ans. What comes he backe for? I hope the poylon does
Not worke already, where have you dispos'd her.

Val. Dispos'd whom?

Ans. My Lady *Beristhia*.

Val. Let me alone to dispose her, prethee where's the light?
Shew us the way.

Ans. What way?

Val. The way to her chamber? come, I know what
You

The Maides Revenge.

You are sicke of, here each minute is an age till
I possesse *Berinthia*.

Ans. This is pretty, I hope my Lady is well.

Val. Well?

Ans. My Lady *Berinthia* sir.

Val. Doe you mocke me?

Ans. I mocke you?

Val. I shall grow angry, lead me to

Berinthia's chamber, or —

Ans. Why sir, were not you here even now, and hurried
Her away, I have your gold well fare all good tokens;
I have perform'd my duty already sir, and you had my
Lady.

Val. I am abus'd you are a cunning Devill, I hearē and had
Berinthia, tell me, or with this pistoll, I will soone
Reward thy treachery, wheres *Berinthia*?

Ans. Oh I beseech you doe not fright me so, if you were
Not here even now, here was another that call'd
Himselfe *Valasco*, to whom I gave accessse, and
He has carried her away.

Exit.

Val. Am I awake? or doe I dreame this horrour:
Where am I? who does know me, are you friends
Of *Don Valasco*?

1. Doe you doubt us sir?

Val. I doubt my selfe, who am I

2. Our noble friend *Valasco*.

Val. Tis so, I am *Valasco*, all the Furies
Circle me round, oh teach me to be mad,
I am abus'd, insufferably tormented,
My very soule is whipt, it had beene safer
For *Catalina* to have plaid with Serpents.

Enter Catalina and Ansilva.

Cat. Thou talkest of wonders, where is *Valasco*?

Ans. He was here even now.

Val. Who nam'd *Valasco*?

Cat. Twas I, *Catalina*, here.

Val. Could you picke none out of the stocke of man
To mocke but me, so basely?

Cat.

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Casa. Valasco be your selfe, resume your vertue,
My thoughts are cleare from your abuse, it is
No time to vent our passions, fruitlesse rages,
Some hath abus'd us both, but a revenge
As swift as lightning shall pursue their flight:
Oh I could feare my braines, as you respect
Your honoures safety, or Berinthias love;
Haste to your lodging, which being nere our house,
You shall be sent for; see me to be rais'd up,
Let us alone to make a noise at home,
Fearefull as thunder; try the event, this cannot
Doe any hurt, you *Ansilva* shall
With clamors wake the houſhould cunningly,
While I prepare my ſelte.

Val. I will ſuspend awhile.

Exeunt.

Ans. Help, help, theeves, villaines, murder, my Lady:
Help oh my Lord, my Lady, murder, theeves, help.

Enter Sebastian in his ſhort with a Taper.

Seb. What fearefull cry is this, where are you?

Ans. Herc oh I am almost kil'd.

Seb. *Anſilva* where art hurt?

Ans. All over ſir, my Lady *Berinthia* is carried away
By Ruffians, that broke into her chamber, alas
Sees gone.

Seb. Whether? which way?

Enter Vilarezo Cacalind.

My ſister *Berinthia* is violently tane out of her
Chamber, and heres *Anſilva* hurt, ſee looke about,
Berinthia ſister. *Car.* How *Berin.* gone? call up the ſervants,
Anſilva, how wait?

Ans. Alas Madam, I have not my ſenses about me, I am fo
Frighted, vizards, and ſwords, and pistols, but my
Lady *Berinthia* was quickly ſeiz'd upon, ſhees gone.

Vil. What villaines durſt attempt it?

Enter Count Monte de nigro with a torch.

I feare *Valasco* guilty of this rape.

Car. Runne one to his lodging p'reſently, it will appeare
I know he lov'd her, oh my Lord, my ſister *Berinthia* lost;

Mont. How? foote my physick begins to worke, ile come
to you p'reſerly.

Exit.

Car.

The Maides Revenge.

Cat. Wheres Diego? he is missing, runne one to his chamber, heres Valasco.

Enter Valasco.

Seb. It is apparant sir, Valascoes noble.

Cat. Berinbias stolne away. Val. Ha?

Seb. Her Chamber broken ope, and shee tane thence this night.

Val. Confusion stay the sheepe.

Mount. So, so, as you were laying, Berinbia was stolne away by some body, and —

1. Ser. Diego is not in his chamber.

Cat. Didst breake ope the doore?

1. Ser. I did, and found all empty.

Mount. How, Diego gone? that's strange, oh it workes againe, Ile come to you presently.

Exit

Cat. I doe suspect —

This some plot of Antonio,

Diego, a subtle villaine,

Confirmes himselfe an instrument by this absence;

What thinkest Ansva?

Anf. Indeed I heard some of them name Antonio.

Val. Seb. Cat. Ha?

Val. Tis true upon my soule, oh false Antonio.

Cat. Vnworthy Gentleman.

Val. Let none have the honour to revenge, but I the wronged Valasco, let me beg it sir.

Val. Antonio, boy up beforē the day,

Vpon my blessing I command thee post

To Elvas Castle, iummon that false man

Enter Count.

To quit his shamefull action, bid him returne

Thy sister backe, whose honour will be lost

For ever in't, if he shall dare deny her,

Double thy Fathers spirit, call him to

A trickt account, and with thy sword enforce him;

Oh I could leape out of my age me thinkes,

And combat him my selfe: be thine the glory,

This staine will never wash off, I feele it settle

On all our blood, away, my curse pursue

This disobedience.

Exit

Val.

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Val. I had an interest in *Berinthia*,
Why have not I commission, I have a sword,
Thirsteth to be acquainted with his veines;
It is too meane a satisfaction.
To have her rendred, on his heart Ide write
A most just vengeance.

Seb. Sir she is my sister, I have a sword dares tent
A wound as farre as any; spare your valour.

Cas. I have a tricke to be rid of this foole, my Lord
Doe you accompany my brother, you
I know are valiant.

Menz. Any whither, Ile make me ready presently. *Exit*
Seb. My most unhappy sister. *Exit*

Cas. Oh I could surfeit, I am confident
Antonio hath her, tis revenge beyond
My expectation, to close up the eyes
Of his *Berinthia*, dying in his armes,
Poyson'd maturely, mischiefe I shall prove
Thy constant friend, let weakenesse vertue love.

Actus 4. Scene 1.

Enter Antonio, Berinthia, Caffabella, Villandras, Sforza, Diego.

Ant. **T**He welcom st guest that ever *Elias* had
Sister, *Villandras* yare not sensible what treasure
You possesse, I have no loves, I would not here divide.

Caff. Indeed Madam, yare as welcome here, as ere my mo-
ther was.

Vil. And you are here as safe, as if you had an army for your
Guard.

Sfor. Safe armes, and gnard, *Berinthia* yare a Lady,
But I meane not to court you: guard notha, here's
A Toledo, and an old armes, tough bones and sinewes,
Able to cut off as stout a head as wags upon a shoulder,
Thart *Antonios* guest, welcome by the old bones
Of his Father, th' ast a wall of brasse about thee.
My young Daffodill.

Vil.

The Maides Revenge.

Vil. Nor thinke my noble cozen meaneth you any dishonour here.

Ant. Dishonour, it is a language I never understood, yet
Throw off your scaries *Berinthia*, yare ith' power
Of him that dares not thinke
The least dishonour to you.

Sfor. True by this buffe jerkin, that hath look'd ith face of
an Army, and he lies like a termagant, denies it, *Antonio* is
Lord of the Castle, but ile command fire to the gunnes, upon
any Renegado that confronts us, set thy heart at rest my gillo-
flower, we are all friends I warrant thee, and hees a Turke
that does not honour thee from the haire of thy head, to thy
pettitoes.

Ant. Come b: not sad.

Cast. Put on fresh blood, yare not cheerfull, how doe you?

Ber. I know not how, nor what to answer you,
Your loves I cannot be ungratefull to,
Yare my best friends I thinke, but yet I know not
With what consent you brought my body hither,

Ant. Can you be ignorant what plot was laid
To take your faire life from you.

Ber. If all be not a dreame, I doe remember
Your servant *Diego* told me wonders, and
I owe you for my preservation, but —

Sfor. Shoote not at Buts, *Cupids* an archer, heres a faire
marke, a fooles bolts soone shot, my names *Sforza* still, my
double Daisie,

Cast. It is your happinesse you have escaped the malice of
your sister.

Vil. And it is worth
A noble gratitudo to have beene quit,
By such an honourer as *Antonio* is
Of faire *Berinthia*.

Ber. Oh but my Father, under whose displeasure I ever

Ant. You are secure (linke.)

Ber. As the poore Deere that being pursuid, for safety
Gets up a rocke that over hangs the Sea,
Where all that she can see, is her destruction,

The Maides Revenge.

Before the Waves, behinde her enemies,
Promise her certaine ruine.

Ant. Faine not your selfe so haplesse my *Berinthia*,
Ralle your defected thoughts, be merry, come,
Thinke I am your *Antonio*.

Cast. It is not wisdome
To let our passed fortune trouble us,
Since were they bad, the memorie is fweete,
That we have past them, looke before you Lady,
The future most concerneth.

Ber. You have awak'd me, *Antonio* pardon,
Upon whose honour I dare trust my selfe,
I am resole'd if you dare keepe me here,
T'expect some happier issue.

Ant. Dare keepe thee here? with thy consent, I dare
Deny thy Father, by this sword I dare,
And all the world.

Sfor. Dare, what giant of valour dares hinder us, from da-
ring to stir the weasands of them that dare say, wee dare not
doe any thing, that is to be dared under the poles, I am old
Sforza, that in my dayes have scoured rogues faces with hot
bals, made em cut croffe capers, and sent them away with a
powder, I have a company of roring buls upon the wals, shall
spit fire in the faces of any ragamuffian that dares say, we dare
not fight pell mell, and still my name is *Sforza*.

Enter Diego hastily.

Die. Sir your noble friend *don Sebastiano* is at the castle gate,

Ant. Your brother Lady, and my honoured friend,
Why doe the gates not spread themselves, to open.
At his arrivall *Sforza*, tis *Berinthia*es brother,
Sebastiano the example of all worth
And friendship, is come after his sweete sister,

Ber. Alas I feare.

Ant. Be not such a coward Lady, he cannot come
Without all goodnesse waiting on him, *Sforza*,
Sforza I say, what pretious time we lose,
Sebastiano, I almost lose my selfe
In joy to meeete him, breake the iron barres.

And

The Maides Revenge.

And give him entrance.

Sfor. Ile breake the wals downe, if thē gates bē too little;

Cast. I much desire to see him.

Ant. Sister, now hees come, he did promise me
But a short absence, he of all the world
I would call brother, *Castabella* more
Then for his sisters love, oh hees a man
Made up of merit, my *Berinthia*
Throw off all cloudes, *Sebastianoe* come.

Ber. Sent by my Father to -----

Ant. What, to see thee? he shall see thee here.
Respected like thy selfe, *Berinthia*,
Attended with *Antonio*, begin with armies of thy servants.

Enter *Sebastiano Monnte Nigro, Sforza.*

Oh my friend.

Seb. Tis yet in question sir, and will not bē
So easily proved.

Moun. No sir, weele make you prove your selfe our friend.

Ant. What face have you put on? am I awake?
Or doe I dreame *Sebastiano* frownes.

Seb. *Antonio* I come not now to Complement,
While you were noble, I was not least of them
You cald your friends, but you are guilty of
An action that destroyes that name.

Sfor. Bones a your Father, does he come to swagger,
My name is *Sforza* then.

Ant. No more,
I guiltie of an action so dishonourable
Has made me unworthy of your friendship;
Come y'are not in earnest, tis enough I know
My selfe *Antonio*.

Seb. Adde to him ungrateful.

Ant. Twas a foule breath deliverēd it, and wērt any
But *Sebastiano*, he should feele the weight
Of such a falsehood.

Seb. Sister you must along with me.

Ant. Now by my Fathers soule, he that takes her hence
Vnlesse she give consent, treads on his grave,

The Maides Revenge.

Sebastiano, y'are unnable then,
Tis I that said it.

Monsieur. So it seemes.

Seb. *Autanis,* for here I throw of all
The ties of love, I come to fetch a sister,
Dishonourably taken from her father;
Or with my sword to force thee render her:
Now if thou beest a Souldier redeliver,
Or keepe her with the danger of thy person,
Thou canst not be my brother, till we first
Be allied in blood.

Ant. Promise me the hearing,
And that have any satisfaction,
Becomes my fame.

Monsieur. So, so, he will submit himselfe, it will be our honor.

Ant. Wert in your power, would you not account it
A pretious victory, in your sisters cause,
To dye your sword with any blood of him,
Sav'd both her life and honour?

Seb. I were ungratefull.

Ant. You have told your selfe, and I have argument to
prove this.

Seb. Why would you have me thinke, my sister owes to
you such preservation?

Ant. Oh *Sebastiano,*
Thou dost not think what devill lies at home
Within a sisters bosome, *Caralina,*
(I know not with what worst of envy) laid
Force to this goodly building, and through poysone
Had rob'd the earth of more then all the world,
Her vertue.

Seb. You must not beate my resolution off
With these inventions sir.

Ant. Be not cozend,
With your credulity, for my blood, I value it
Beneath my honour, and I dare by goodness,
In such a quarrell kill thee: but heare all,
And then you shall have fighting your heart full.

The Maides Revenge.

Valasco was the man, appointed by
That goodly sister to steale *Berinthia*,
And Lord himselfe of this possession,
Just at that time; but heare and tremble at it,
Shee by a cunning poyson should have breath'd
Her soule into his armes, within two houres,
And so *Valasco* should have borne the shame
Of theft and murther; how doe you like this sir.

Seb. You amaze me sir.

Ant. Tis true by honours selfe, heare it confirm'd,
And when you will, I am ready.

Vil. Pitty such valour should be employd,
Upon no better cause, they will enforme him.

Mount. Harke you sir, dee thinke this is true?

Vil. I dare maintaine it.

Mount. Thats another matter, why then the case is
Altered, what shoulde we doe fighting, and lose
Our lives to no purpose.

Sf. It seemes you are his second.

Mount. I am *Count de Monte Negro*.

Sfor. And my names *Sforza* sir, you were not best to come
here to brave us, unlesse you have more legges and armes at
home, I have a saza shall picke holes in your doublter, and firke
your shankes, my gallimaufry.

Seb. I cannot but beleive it, oh *Berinthia*,
I am wounded ere I fight.

Ant. Holds your resolve yet constant? if you have
Better opinion of your sword, then truth,
I am bound to answser, but I would I had
Such an advantage gainst another man,
As the justice of my cause, all valour fights
But with a sayle against it.

Vil. Take a time to informe your father sir, my noble
Cozen is to be found here constant.

Seb. But will you backe with me then?

Ber. Excuse me brother, I shall fall too soone.
Upon my sisters malice, whose foule guilt
Will make me expect more certaine ruine,

Ant.

The Maides Revenge.

Ant. Now *Sebastiano*
Puts on his judgement, and assumes his noblenesse,
Whilst he loves equity,

Seb. And shall I carry shame
To *Villarezaes* house, neglect of father,
Whose precepts bindes me to returne with her,
Or leave my life at *Elosa*, I must on,
I have heard you to no purpose, shall *Berimbio*
Backe to *Avero*.

Ant. Sir she must not yet, tis dangerous.

Seb. Choole thee a second then, this Count and I
Meane to leave honor here.

Vill. Honour me sir.

Ant. Tis done, *Sebastiano* shall report
Antonio just and noble, *Sforza* I swere
Upon my Sword, oh doe not hinder me
If victory crowne *Sebastianoes* arme.
I charge thee by thy honesty restore
This Lady to him, on whose lip I seal
My unstain'd faith.

Monsr. Vmhl, tis a rare physitian, my spirit is abased.

Casf. Brother.

Ber. Brother.

Seb. And wilt thou be dishonoured?

Ber. Oh doe not wrong the Gentleman, believe it
Dishonour nere dwelt here, and he hath made
A most religious vow, not in a thought
To staine my innocence, he does not force me
Remember, what a noble friend, you make
A most just enemy, he sav'd my life,
Be not a murtherer, take yet a time,
Runne not your selfe in danger for a cause
Carries so little justice.

Monsr. Faith sir, if you please take a time to thinke on't, a
month or two or three, they shall not say but wee are hono-
table.

Casf. You gave him to my heart a Gentleman, *Seb.* whifp.
Compleate with goodnessse, will you rob the world

And

The Maides Revenge.

And me at once, alas I love him.

Ant. Never man fonght with a lesser heart, the conquest
Will be but many deathes, he is her brother,
My friend, this poore girles joy.

Mount. With all my heart, Ile post to *Avro* presently.

Seb. Let it be so *Antonio*.

Cast. Alas pore *Castabella*, what a conflict
Feest thou within thee, their fight woundeth thee,
And I must die, who ere hath victory.

Ant. Then friend againe, and as *Sebastiano*,
I bid him welcome, and who loves *Antonio*
Must speake that language.

Sfor. Enough, not a Masty upon the Castle walls
But shall barkē too, I congratulate thee, if thou
Beelest friend to the Castle of *Eluas*, and still my name
Is *Sforza*.

Ant. Well said my brave *Adelantado*, come *Sebastiano*,
And my *Birintia* by to morrow we shall know
The truth of our felicity.

Exaudi

Enter Vilarezo.

Vil. What are the Nobles more than common men,
When all their honour cannot free them from
Shame and abuse; as greatnesse were a marke
Stucke by them but to give direction
For men to shoothe indignities upon them?
Are we call'd Lords of riches we posesse,
And can defend them from the ravishing hand
Of strangers, when our children are not safe
From theves and robbers, none of us can challenge
Such right to wealth and fortuues of the world,
Being things without us; but our children are
Essentiall to us, and participate
Of what we are: part of our very nature,
Our selves but cast into a younger mold,
And can we promise, but so weake assurance
Of so neere treasures. O *Villarezo* shall
Thy age be trampled on, no, it shall not,
I will be knowne a father, *Portugall*

H

Shalj

The Maides Revenge.

Shall not report this infamy unreveng'd,
It will be a barre in *Vilarezo's* armes

Past all posterity ; Enter Catalina,
Come *Catalina*, thou wilt stay with me,
Prepare to welcome home *Sebastiano*,
Whom I expect with honour, and that baggage
Ambitious girkle *Berinthia*.

Cat. Alas sir; censure not her too soone,
Till she appéare guilty. *Vil.* Heres thy vertue still,
To excuse her (*Catalina*, no beleeve it,
Shes naught, past hope, I have an eye can see

Into her very heart, thou art too innocent. Enter Valasco,
Valasco welcome too, *Berinthia*

Is not come home yet, but we shall see her
Brought backe with shame ; and ist not justice, ha ?
What can be shame enough ?

Val. Your daughter sir ?

Vil. My daughter ? doe not call her so, she has not
True blood of *Vilarezo* in her veines ;
She makes her selfe a bastard, and deserves
To be cut off like a disordered branch,
Disgracing the faire tree she springeth from.

Val. Lay not so great a burthen on *Berinthia*,
Her nature knowes not to degenerate ;
Vpon my life she was not yeelding, to
The injurious action ; if *Antonio*
Have plaied the theefe, let your revenge fall there, ,
Which were I trusted with, although I doubt not
Sebastiano's fury, he shoule feele it
More heavy than his Castle, what can be
Too just for such a sinne ?

Vil. Right, right *Valasco*, I doe love thee fort,
Tis so, an thou shalt see I have a fence
Worthy my birth and person.

Val. 'Twll become you, but I marvell we heare nothing
Of their successse at *Elvas*, by this time
I would have sent *Antonio* to warne
His fathers ashes, doe you not thinkē sir ?

Sebastiano.

The Merchant's Revenge

Sebastiano will not be remisse,
A gentle nature is abus'd with tales,
Which they know how to colour ; heres the Count.

Enter Alonso negro sweating.

Cat. How, the Count ? I sent him thither to be rid on him ;
The foole has better fortune than I wifht him,
But now I shall heare that, which will more comfort me,
My sisters death most certainly.

Mount. My Lord, I have rid hald, read there, your sonne
And daughter is well. *Cat.* Ha, well ?

Mount. Madam. *Cat.* How does my sister ?

Mount. In good health, she has commendation to you
In that letter. *Val.* And is *Aurania* living ?

Mount. Yes, and remembers his service to you,

Val. Has he then yeelded up *Berinibia* ?

Mount. He will yeeld up his ghost first, I know not we were
Going to flesh baste one another, I am sure but the
Matter of felony hangs still, who will cut it downe ;
I know not, Madam theres notable matter against you.

Cat. Me ?

Mount. Vpon my honor there is, be not angry with me,
No leſſe than theft and murder, that letter is charg'd
Withall, but you're cleare all I make no question, they
Talk of poſſonning. *Cat.* Am I betray'd ?

Mount. Well, I ſmell, I ſmell. *Cat.* What do you ſmell ?

Mount. It was but a tricke of theirs to ſave their lives,
For we were bent to kill all that came againſt us.

Val. *Catalina* reade here, *Valasco*, both of you,
And let me reade your faces, ha ? they wonder.

Val. Howes this, I ſteale *Berinibia* ?

Cat. I poſſon my ſister. *Val.* This doth ſmace me.

Cat. Father, this letter ſayes I would have poſſonned my
poore ſister, innocence defend me.

Val. It will, it ſhall, come I acquit you both,
They muſt not thus foole me.

Mount. Madam I thought as much, my minde gave me, it
Was a lyce, yes, you looke like a poſſoner, as much
As I looke like a hobbie-horſe.

The Maides Revenge,

Cat. Was ever honest love so abused, have I
So poore reward for my affection.

Vil. It shall be so.

Val. Madam I know not how the poysen camē in, but I
Feare some have betrayed our plot.

Cat. And how came you off my noble Count.

Mont. As you see without any wounds, but much against
My will I was but one, *Sebastiano*, that was the
Principall, tooke a demurrc upon their allegation :
It seemes, and so the matter is rak'd up in the Embars.

Val. To make a greater fire, were you so cold
To credit his excuse, *Antonio*,
I should not have beeene so frozen,
As you love honor and revenge, give me
Some interest now, and if I doe not
Shew my selfe faithfull, let *Valasco* have
No name within your memory, let me begge,
To be your Proxie sir, pitry such blood,
As yours should be ignobly cast away ;
Maddam speake for me.

Cat. No, I had rather lose this fools.

Mont. And you can get their consents.

Cat. You cannot sir in honour now goe backe,
I shall not thinke you love me, if my father
Point you such noble service to refuse it.

Mont. You heare what she sayes.

Vil. Count *Monte nigro*.

Val. I am all fire with rage.

Vil. *Valasco*, you may accompany the Count,
There may be imployment of your valour too ;
Tell me at your retурne, whether my sonne
May prove a souldier, heres new warrant for
Antonios death, if there be coldnesse urge it,
Tis my desire, ile study a better service.

Val. I shall.

Vil. Away then both, no complement, I wish you either
Had a Pegasus, be happy, my old bloud boyles, this
Must my peace secure, such forces as these must

The Maides Revenge.

Have a despērate cure.

Exiunt.

Enter Seb. Castab. Anton. Berinthia.

Seb. This honor Madam of your selfe and brother,
Make me unhappy, when I remember, what
I came for, not to feast thus but to fight.

Cast. Pitty true friendship should thus suffer.

Ant. Ha? Seb. Musickē.

Ant. Somē conceit of Sforza the old Captaine,
Lets entertaine it, some souldiers device,
A maske of Souldiers.

Godamercy Sforza.

Sfor. To your stations now my brave brats of Millitary
Discipline, enough, Sforza honours you, looke to your
Charge Bullies, and be ready upon all occasions,
My invincible dub a dub knights of the Castle,
Qui vala. *Enter Monste nigro, Valasco.*

Val. We must speake with *Don Sebaffiano.*

Sfor. Must? Th'art a Mushrumpe, must, in the Castle of *Elna.*

Monste nigro gives a letter.

Ant. Friends; Sforza.

Val. What, courting Ladies, by this time 'twas expected.
You would have courted fame sir, and woed her to you;
You shall know me better.

Ant. I doube you'le never be better, you shall not owe me.
More than you shall account for.

Seb. Or else my curse, that word cries out for death.

Cast. My feares perplex me. *Anto. & Seb. whippers.*

Val. Madam I doe wonder
You can forget your honour, and reflect
On such unworthiness, wherein hath Valasco
Shewed you lesse merit.

Ber. Sir it becomes not me
To weigh your worths, nor would I learnē of you.
How to preserue my honour.

Seb. Sister.

Ant. Villandras.

Seb. Then J must take my leave, for I am sent for,
I am sorry for your fate, Madam I am expected

The Maides Revenge.

By a father, your vertue hath made me yours.

Mount. Oh admirable phisitian !

Ant. Sforza, there is no remedie, but by all honour doe it,
Sister, I am to waite on him, oh my poore girl,
Berintbia, my soule be with thee, for a
Little time excuse my absence.

Sfor. You may walke sir.

Val. Antonio I must but now looke on you were
Best take a course not to out live him.

Exeunt Sforza, Villandras, and Ladies.

Ant. Sebastian, I know not with what soule
I draw my sword against thee

Seb. Antonio I am driven in a storme
To split my selfe on thee, if not, my curse
We must on sir.

Mount. Rare man of art *Sharkine*,
Vil. Guard thee Count.

Enter Sfor, Val, and Ladies above.

Graf. Treacherous Sforza, hast thou brought us hither, to
be strokē dead ?

Mount. Hold Gentleman, give me audience.

Seb. Whats the matter my Lord.

Mount. My fit is on me, tis so, I had forgot my selfe,
This is my ague day.

Seb. How ?

Mount. Yes a sextile ague, looke you, doe you not see me
shake, admirable Doctor, it wil be as much as my life is worth
if I should fight a stroke.

Seb. Hell on such basenesse, weele engageno more,
Let our swords try it our.

Val. Sebastian hold, I hart not so ill befriended,
Exchange a person, ile leape the battlement.

Mount. Withall my heart, I am sorry it happens so un-
fortunately, oh rare phisitian !

Vil. Good cozen grant it.

Ant. What saies Sebastian.

Vil. I conjure you by all honour.

Seb. It is granted: *Ber.* He shall not goe.

Ant. Meete him my Lord, you will become his place of a

Specta-

The Maides Revenge.

Spectator best. Enter *l'Alasco*:

Ber. Sebastiano, brother.

Cast. Antonio, here me.

*Uil. Guard thee *Valasco* then.*

Cast. O brother spare him for my sake.

*Ber. Sebastiano every wound thou givest him,
Drawes blood from me.*

Cast. Sebastiano, remember hee thy friend.

*Ber. Antonio tis my brother, with whose blood
Thou dyest thy iword.*

Ant. When thou liv'st againe shalt be more honorable.

*Kills *Valasco*.*

*Sebastiano doe you observe the advantage,
Yet thinke upon't.*

Seb. It is not in my power, I value not the odds.

*Ber. Hold, *Antonio*, is this thy love to me, it is not noble.*

*Seb. So thy death makes the scale even. Kills *Villandras*.*

*Cast. Antonio hold, *Berinthia* dyes.*

*Ber. *Sebastiano*, *Castabella* sinkes for sorrow, murder, helpe
I will leape downe.*

*Ant. Where art *Berinthia*, let me breath my last upon thy
lip, make hast, least I die else.*

Seb. Antonio before thou dyest cut off my hand, art wounded mortally?

*Ant. To die by thee is more then death, *Sforza* be honest,
But love thy sister for me, I me past hope,
Thou hast undone another in my death.*

*Enter *Berinthia*, *Sforza*, *Mosnt.**

Ber. Antonio stay oh cruell brother.

*Ant. *Berinthia* thy lip farewell, and friend, and all the
world.*

Sfor. The gate is open, I am sworne to render.

*Ber. Hees not dead, his lips are warme, have you no bal-
some, a Surgeon; dead, some charitable hand send my soule af-
ter him.*

Seb. Away, away.

*Ber. It will be easie to die,
All life is but a walke in misery.*

Exeunt.

The Maides Revenge.

Actus 5. Scen. 1.

Enter Sebaffiano.

Seb. **M**Y friend, my noble friend, that had deserved
Most honorably from me, by this hand
Divorc'd from life, and yet I have the use ~~ent~~,
Hapleslie *Sebaffiano*; oh *Berinthia*,
Let me for ever lose the name of Brother,
Wilt thou not curse my memory, give me up
To thy just hate a murtherer.

Enter Villarezo.

Vil. Ha, this must not be *Sebaffiano*,
I shall be angry if you throw not off
This melancholly, it does ill become you,
Doe you repent your duty, were the action
Againe presented to be done by thee:
And being done, againe should challenge from thee
A new performance, thou wouldest shew no blood
Of *Vilarezos*, if thou didst not runne
To act it, though all horror, death and vengeance
Dog'd thee at thy heeles; come I am thy Father,
Value my blessing, and for other peace
Ile to the King, let me no more see thee cloudy.

Exit

Enter Diego, Castabella like a page.

Die. That was his Father.

Cast. No more, farewell, be all silence.

Exit Diego

Cast. Sir.

Seb. Hees newly gone that way, mayst soone ore take him
Cast. My busynesse points at you sir.

Seb. At me, what newes? thou hast a face of horrour, more
welcome speake it.

Cast. If your name be *Don Sebaffiano*, sir
I have a token from a friend.

Seb. I have no friend alive boy, carry it backe,
Tis not to me, I've not another friend
In all the world.

Cast.

The Maides Revenge.

Cast. He that hath sent you for this gift, did love you, do I
Youle say your selfe he did, and a dwyndle will be a bane to Y

Seb. Ha, name him prethee. may it be no mannes selfe

Cast. The friend I came from was *Antonio*.

Seb. Thou lyest, and that a villaine, who hath sent thee
To tempt *Sebastianoes* soule to act on thee
Another death, for thus affrighting me.

Cast. Indeede I doe not mocke, nor come to affright you
Heaven knowes my heart, I know *Antonios* dead,
But twas a gift he in his life design'd
To you, and I have brought it.

Seb. Thou dost not promise cozenage, what gift is it?

Cast. It is my selfe sir, while *Antonio* liv'd, I was his boy,
But never did boy loose so kinde a Master, in his life he
Promised he would bestow me, so much was his love
To my poore merit, on his dearest friend,
And nam'd you sir, if heaven should point out
To overlive him, for he knew you would
Love me the better for his sake, indeed
I will be very honest to you, and
Refuse no service to procure your love
And good opinion to me.

Seb. Can it be
Thou wert his boy, oh thou shouldest hate me then,
Th'art false, I dare not trust thee, unto him
Thou shewest thee now unfaidfull to accepte
Of me, I kild him thy Master, twas a friend
He could commit thee to, I onely was,
Of all the stocke of men his enmy,
His cruellest enemy.

Cast. Indeede I am sure it was, he spoke all truth,
And had he liv'd to have made his will, I know
He had bequeathed me as a legacy
To be your boy; alas I am willing sir
To obey him in it, had he laid on me
Command, to have mingled with his sacred dust,
My unprofitable blood, it should have beene
A most glad sacrifice, and 't had beene honour

7 The Maides Revenge.

To have done him such a dutie sir, I know
You did not kill him with a heart of malice,
But in contention with your very soule
To part with him.

Seb. All is as true as Oracle by heaven,
Dost thou beleve so?

Cast. Indeede I doe. *Seb.* Yet be not rash;
Tis no advantage to belong to me,
I have no power nor greatnesse in the Court,
To raise thee to a fortune, worthy of
So much obseruance as I shall expect
When thou art mine.

Cast. All the ambition of my thoughts shall be
To doe my dutie sir.

Seb. Besides, I shall afflict thy tendernesse
With sollitude and passion, for I am
Onely in love with sorrow, never merry,
Weare out the day in telling of sad tales,
Delight in sighes and teares; sometimes I walke
To a Wood or River purposely to challenge
The bouldest Echo, to send backe my groanes.
Ith' height I breake e'm, come I shall undoe thee.

Cast. Sir, I shall be most happy to beare part
In any of your sorrowes, I ne're had
So hard a heart but I could shed a teare
To beare my Master company.

Seb. I will not leave thee if thou'l dwell with me
For wealth of Indies, be my loved boy,
Come in with me, thus Ie begin to do
Some recompence for dead Antonio. *Enter Berimbis.*

Ber. So I will dare my fortune to be cruell,
And like a mountanous pece of earth that fuckles
The balls of hot Artillery, I will stand
And weary all the gunshot; oh my soule
Thou hast beene too long icy Alpes of snow;
Have buried my whole nature, it shall now
Turne Element of fire, and fill the ayre
With bearded Comets, threatening death and horrour

The Maides Revenge.

For my wrong'd innocence, contemn'd, ~~disgrac'd~~,
Nay murther'd, for with *Antonio*,
My breath expired, and I but borrow this
To court revenge for justice, if there be
Those furies which doe waite on desperate men,
As some have thought, and guide their hands to mischiefe,
Come from the wombe of night, assist a maid
Ambitious to be made a monster like you;
I will not dread your shapes, I am dispos'd
To be at friendship with you, and want nought
But your blacke aide to seale it.

Enter Monte Negro and Ansilva.

Mount. First ile locke up thy Gives her gold.
Tongue, and tell thee my honorable meaning, so,
To tell you the truth, it is a love-powder, I had it of the
Brave Doctor, which I would have thee to suger
The Ladies cup withall, for my sake wo't do't:
And if I marry her, shat find me a noble
Master, and thou shalt be my chiefe Gentlewoman
In Ordinary; keepe thy body loofe, and thou shalt
Want no gowne I warrant thee; wo't do't.

Anf. My Lord, I thinke my Lady is much taken with your
worth already, so that this will be superfluous,

Mount. I Nay think she has cause enough, but I have a great
Mind to make an end on't, to tell you true, there are
Halse a dozen about mee, but I had rather she should have
Me than an other; and my blood is growne so boysterous
For my body, that's another thing; so that if thou wilt
Doe it *Ansilva*, thou wilt doe thy Lady good service,
And live in the favour of *Count de Monte Negro*;
I will make thy children kinne to me, if thou wo't
Do't. *Anf.* I am your honours handmaid, but —

Mount. Heres a Diamond, prethee weare it, be not modest.

Anf. 'Tis done my Lord, urge it no further.

Mount. But be secret too for my honors sake, we great men
Doe not love to have our actions laid open to the
Broad face of the world, Ile get thee with child,
And marry thee to a Knight, my brave *Ansilva*, take

The Maides Revenge.

The first opportunity.

Ans. If there be any vertue in the powder, prepare to
Meete your wishes my noble Lord.

Moun. Thy Count de monte nigro expect to be a Lady. *Exit.*

Ber. *Anstua.* *Ans.* Madam.

Ber. Nay you neede not hide it, I heard the conference,
And know the vertue of the powder, let me see it
Or ile discover all. *Ans.* I am undone.

Ber. No, here take it againe; ile not prevent
My sisters happynesse and the Counts desire,
I am no Tell-tale good *Anstua* giv' her,
And heavens succede the operation,
I begge on my knee; feare not *Anstua*,
I am all silence.

Ans. Indeede Madam, then shee shall have it presently.

Exit.

Enter Sebastiano, Castabella.

Cast. Sir, if the opportunity I use
To comfort you be held a fault, and that
I keepe not distance of a servant, lay it
Vpon my love; indeede if it be an errour
It springs out of my duty.

Seb. Prethee boy be patient;
The more I strive to throw off the remembrance
Of dead *Antonio*, love still rubbes the wounds
To make them bleede afresh.

Cast. Alas they are past,
Binde up your owne for honours sake,
And shew love to your selfe, pray do not lose your reason,
To make your griefe so fruitlesse; I have procur'd
Some mulicke sir to quiet those sad thoughts,
That makes such warre within you.

Seb. Alas good bo; it will but adde more weights
Of dulnesse on me, I am stung with worse
Than the *Tarantula*, to be cur'd with musicke
'T has the exactest unity, but it cannot,
Accord my thoughts.

Cast. Sir this your couch

The Maides Revenge.

Seemēs to invite so small repāsē; *that alſo* *is* *to* *call* *you* *to* *her* *bedchamber*
Oh I beseech you taste it, ile begge *to* *bedchamber* *distroy* *you*
A little leave to sing; *and ha* *zedisw* *to* *she* *sings*

Enter Berinthia.

Sweete sleepe charme his sad lences, and gentle
Thoughts let fall your flowing numbers, here and round
About hover celestiall Angels with your wings
That none offend his quiet, sleepe begins
To cast his nets o're me too, ile obey
And dreame on him, that dreames not what I am.

Ber. Nature doth wrestle with me, but revenge
Doth arme my love against it, justicē is *all this* *world*
Above all tie of blood *Sebastiano*
Thou art the first shalt tell *Antonioes* ghost
How much I lov'd him.

She flettes him upon his couch; Castab. rises and runnes in.
Seb. Oh stay thy hand *Berinthia*? no
Th'ast don't, I wish thee heavens forgivenesse, I cannot
Tarry to heare thy reasons, at many doores,
My life runnes out, and yet *Berinthia*
Doth in her name give me more wounds then these,
Antonio, oh *Antonio*, we shall now
Be friendes againē. *Dies.*

Ber. Hees dead, and yet I live, but not to fall
Lesse then a constellation, more flames must
Make up the fire that *Berinthia*
And her revenge, must bathe in.

Enter Catalina poysoned, pulling Ansilva by the haire.
Cast. *Sebastiano*, fister. *Anſ. murder.*
Cat. Theres wild-fire in my bowells, sure I am poysoned;
Oh *Berinthia*. *Ber.* Ha, ha.

Cat. Helpe me to teare *Ansilva*, I am poysoned by
The Count and this fury.

Ber. Ha, ha. *Cat.* Doe you laugh hereat.

Ber. Yes queene of hell to see thee
Sinke in the glory of thy hope for blisse:
But art sure th'art poysoned, ha?

Anſ. Nay I have my part on't, I did but sip, and my belly

The Maid's Revenge.

Swelstoo; call you this love-powder, *Conus Medicus*?
Nigro hath poysoned us both.

Ber. Y'are a paire of witches, and because
Ile keepe your potion working, know y'are both

Poyson'd by me, by me *Berinthia*,

Being thus tormented with my wrongs,

I arm'd my selfe with all provision

For my revenge, and had in readinesse

That faithfull poyson which ith' opportunity

I put upon *Ansilia* for the exchange

Of the amorous powder; oh foole, my soule

Ravish thy selfe with laughter, politisyon

My eldest divell sister, does the heate

Offend your stomacke, troth charity, a little charitiē.

Th' onely Antidote, that's cold enough:

Looke heres Sebastianio;

Now horrour strike thy soule, to whose fearelesse heart

I sent this punyard, for *Antonioes* death;

And if that peece of thy damnation

Ansilia had not don't, I meant to have writ

Revenge with the same point upon thy breast;

But I doe surfeit in this brave prevention:

Sleepe, sleepe *Antonioes* ashes, and now ope

Thou marbell chest to take *Berinthia*

To mingle with his dust.

Wounds her selfe.

Cat. I have not so much heart as to curse, must I die?

Enter *Vilarezo*, *Castabella*, *Mounte Negro*.

Cast. Here my Lord, alas hees dead, my *Sebastianio*

Vil. *Catalina.* *Cat.* I am poyson'd.

Vil. Ha, Defend good heaven, by whom.

Ans. I am poysoned too.

Vil. Racket not my soule amazement, tis a dreame sure.

Ans. Your Love-powder hath poysoned us both.

Mou. What will become of me now, I would I were hang'd

To be out of my paine, by this flesh, as I am a Count.

I bought it of the Doctor for good love-powder;

But Madam I hope you are not poysoned in earnest.

Cat. The devill on your fooleship, oh I must walke

The Maides Revenge.

The darke foggy way that spis fire and brimstone,
No physicke to restore me ? send for *Sharkins*, a cooler
A cooler, theres a Smiths forge in my belly, and the
Devill blowes the Bellowes, Snow-water, *Berinthia*
Has poysned me, sinke by mine owne engine ;
I must hence, hence, farewell, will you let me die so ?
Confusion, torment, death, hell.

Mount. I am glad with all my heart that *Berinthia* has
Poysoned her, yet —

Ber. Oh it becomes thee bravely, heare me sir.
Antonios death and my dishonours now
Have just revenge ; I stabb'd *Sebastians*, poysoned my sister ;
Oh but they made too soone a fury of me,
And split the patience, from whose dreadfull breach
Came these consuming fires, yout passions fruitlesse ;
My soule is reeling forth I know not whether ;
Oh father my heart weepes teares, for you I dye, oh see
A maides revenge with her owne Tragedy.

Car. *Anfilva*, oh thou dull wretch, hell on thy cursed
Weakenesse, thou gavest me
The poyson, but I likke earth, hold, a gentleman
Vsher to support me, oh I am gone, the poyson
Now hath torn my heart in peeces, *Moritur.*

Vil. I am Planet strucke, a direfull Tragedy, and have
I no part in't : how doe you like it, ha ? wast not
Done toth' life ? they are my owne children ; this was
My eldest girle, this *Berinthia* the Tragedian,
Whose love by me resisted, was mother of all this
Horror ; and theres my boy too, that slew *Antonio*
Valiantly, and fell under his sisters rage, what
Art thou boy ?

Cast. Ile tell you now I am no boy,
But haplesse *Castabella*, sister to
The slaine *Antonio*, I had hop'd to have
Some recompence by *Sebastians* love,
For whose sake in disguise I thus adventur'd
To purchase it, but death hath ravish't us,
And here I bury all my joyes on earth.

Mount.

The Maides Revenge.

Monk. Sweete lady, herte, Come de Monte nigre aliye
To be your servant. Ie not bad i em stolte of a pyplyng of i
Cast. Hence, dulc'greatnesse, not adiour? a sorri, sollo. A
Vil. Were you a friend of *Sebastiano* then? Ie wold like to
Cast. Ile give you testimony, in yd exalt, em bankeys of i
Vil. No, I believ you, but thou canst not be my daughter;
Tis false, he lies that sayes *Berimbia* ab, from me, no lido.
Was author of their deathes, it was *Velasco*,
A fathers wretched curiositie, dead, dead, dead.

Cast. And I will leave the world too, for I meane
To spend the poore remainder of my dayes dianc twise
In some Religious house, married to heaven, ver it, i evill
And holy prayers for *Sebastiano* soule,
And my lost brother.

Vil. Will you so? Ie
Cast. I pray let *Castabella* have the honour
To enshrine his bones, and when my breath expires, iit do
For sorrow promiseth I shall not live, iu answere him A
To see more Sunnes, let me be buried by him
As neere as may be possible, that in death
Our dust may incote, oh my *Sebastiano*,
Thy wounds, are mine.

Vil. Come I am arm'd, take up their bodies, *Castabella* you
Are not chiefe mourner here, he was my sonne,
Remember that, *Berimbia* first, she was the
Youngest, put her iu pithole first, then *Catalina*;
Strow, strow flowers enough upon em, for they
Were maides; now *Sebastiano*, take him
Up gently, he was all the sonnes I had; now
March, come you and I are twinne in this dayes
Unhappinesse, wee le march together, follow close
Wee le overtake em, softly, and as we go,
Wee le dare our fortune for another woe.

Ff N IS.

